

DECEMBER 27 1961

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Punch





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without
the other

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All the listings are based on the latest information available
at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Affair (Strand: TEM 2660)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly: GER 4506)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

Becket (Globe: GER 1592)—a winner by Anouilh well acted. (26/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune: TEM 2238)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge: TEM 6056)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

Bonne Soupe (Comedy: WHI 2578)—cynical comedy from Paris, not for the nursery. (1/11/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

The Cherry Orchard (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—new production. Dec. 28-Jan. 2. Reviewed this week.

Critic's Choice (Vaudeville: TEM 4871)—Ian Carmichael and Muriel Pavlow do their best with a not-very-comic comedy. (13/12/61)

Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales: WHI 8681)—Max Bygraves in average American musical. (18/10/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick: TEM 4601)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

The Fire Raisers (Royal Court: SLO 1745)—new play by Max Frisch.

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess: TEM 8243)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's: TEM 1443)—very exciting big business whodunit. (23/8/61)

Heartbreak House (Wyndham's: TEM 3028)—excellent revival of one of Shaw's most stimulating plays. (8/11/61)

The Hollow Crown (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—fascinating extracts from English literature about the Monarchy. Dec. 27. (21/6/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric: GER 3686)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion: WHI 3216)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville: TEM 4011)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61) (Evenings only)

Luther (Phoenix: TEM 8611)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)

Macbeth (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—new production. Dec. 27-28, Jan. 1-2.

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors: TEM 1171)—triumphantly past its ten-year test. (16/12/52)

The Music Man (Adelphi: TEM 7611)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane: TEM 8108)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oliver! (New: TEM 3878)—exciting British musical from Oliver Twist. (6/7/60)

One For The Pot (Whitehall: WHI 6692)—the latest Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's: TEM 5122)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Rehearsal (Apollo: GER 2553)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Hoss (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
Salad Days (Princes: TEM 6596)—revival of Julian Slade musical.
The Sound of Music (Palace: GER 6834)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's: REG 1166)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)
Twelfth Night (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—revival with new casting. Dec. 29-30. (26/4/61)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

Current attractions for children include:

Alice Through the Looking Glass (Lyric, Hamm: RIV 4432)—with Moyra Fraser, Lally Bowers, Lucinda Curtis.
Bertram Mills Circus (Olympia: FUL 3333).
Billy Bunter Shipwrecked (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—with Peter Bridgemont, Robert Lankesheer, Michael Anthony. Matinées only.
Briar Rose (Little Angel Theatre: CAN 1787)—John Wright's Marionettes in story of Sleeping Beauty.
A Christmas Carol (Pembroke, Croydon: CRO 5773)—with Laurence Hardy.
Cinderella (Golders Green: SPE 0022)—with Arthur Askey, Elizabeth Larner.
Jack and the Beanstalk (Guildford Theatre)—words and music by Henry Marshall.
Jack and Jill (Streatham Hill: TUL 1277)—with Tommy Trinder, Don Arrol.
Little Old King Cole (Palladium: GER 7373)—with Charlie Drake.
Puss in Boots (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15: MAR 5973)—with Valentine Dyll, Alan Edwards.
Toad of Toad Hall (Saville: TEM 4011)—with Richard Goolden. Matinées only.
Treasure Island (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—with Spike Milligan. (20/12/61)
The Wizard of Oz (Empire Pool, Wembley: WEM 1234)—with Patricia Pauley.

REP SELECTION

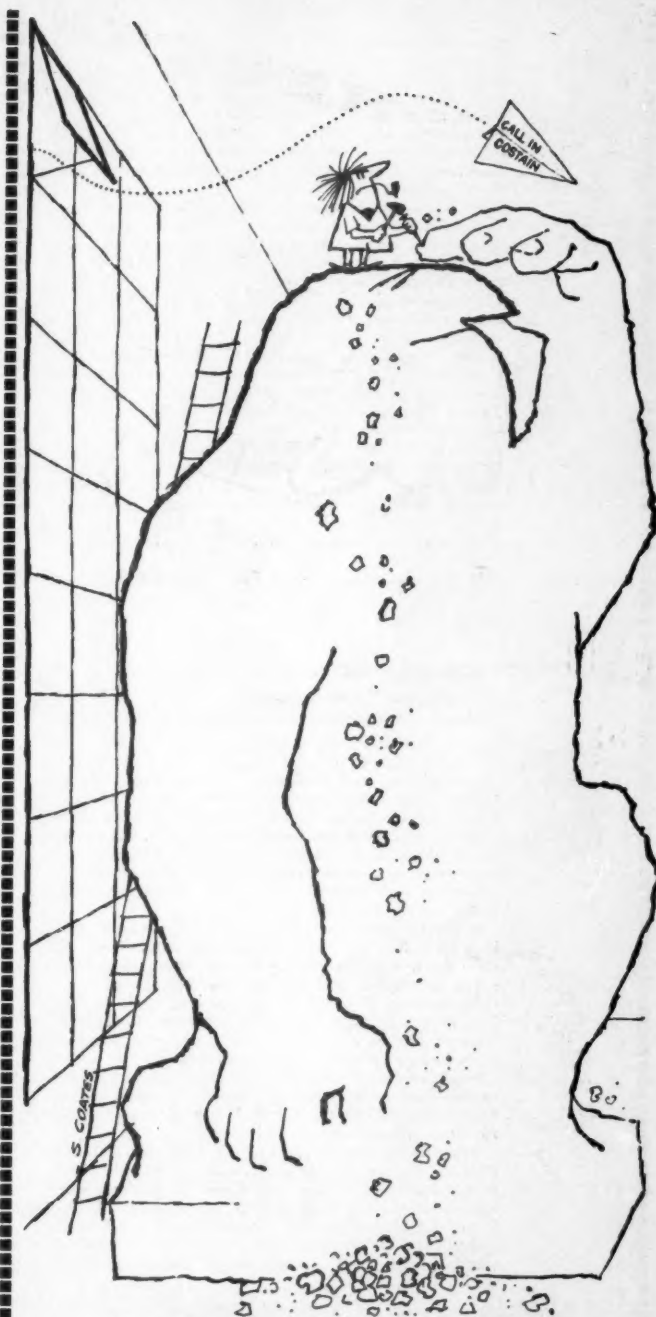
Richmond Theatre—**Aladdin**, until Jan. 20.
 Bromley Rep—**Babes in the Wood**, until Jan. 20.
 Bristol Old Vic—**Cinderella**, until Feb. 3.
 Perth Theatre—**Cinderella**, until Jan. 13.
 Northampton Rep—**Cinderella**, until Jan. 6.
 Castle Theatre, Farnham—**Goldilocks & The Three Bears**, until Jan. 6.
 Guildford Theatre—**Jack and the Beanstalk**, until Jan. 13.
 Colchester Rep—**Jack and Jill**, until Jan. 13.
 Library Theatre, Manchester—**Pinocchio**, until Feb. 3.
 Civic Theatre, Chesterfield—**Robinson Crusoe**, until Jan. 13.
 Belgrade Theatre, Coventry—**Toad of Toad Hall**, until Jan. 13.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Ben-Hur (Royalty: HOL 8004)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
The Best of Enemies (Odeon, Leicester Square: WHI 6111)—Ironic comedy of the desert war, 1941: British officer (David Niven) and Italian officer (Alberto Sordi) take each other prisoner in turn. Artificial but entertaining. (20/12/61)
Blue Hawaii (Plaza: WHI 8944)—Honolulu in colour, with plenty of sunlight and cheesecake and constant songs from Elvis Presley.
The Call Girl Business (Cameo-Moulin, Gt. Windmill Street: GER 1653)—Italian (*Anonima Cocottes*), and in spite of the cheap sensational title quite an amusing comedy, with Renato Rascel.
El Cid (Metropole: VIC 4673)—Visually splendid, very long (3 hrs. plus intermission) "epic" about the medieval Spanish warrior. Battles and jousting impressive, character and dialogue not. (20/12/61)
Exodus (Astoria: GER 5385)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE V

Kapo (Continental: MUS 4193)—Woman's inhumanity to woman in Nazi prison camps. Hate propaganda.

King of Kings (Coliseum: TEM 3161)—The life of Christ, well but too cautiously presented. Some good spectacular scenes, not enough character. (29/11/61)

Never on Sunday (International Film Theatre: BAY 2345)—Revival of the uneven but enjoyable comedy about the feather-headed Greek tart and the earnest American who tries to educate her. (30/11/60)

Odd Obsession (Compton: GER 1522)—Japanese; slow, sometimes unintentionally funny story of an ageing aesthete who tries to reawaken his desires by encouraging his young wife to make him jealous.

Snow White and the Three Clowns (Rialto: GER 3488)—Flat-footed version of the Snow White story in CinemaScope and colour, with skating, some songs, and corny interruptions by the Three Stooges.

South Pacific (Dominion: MUS 2176)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

This is Cinerama (London Casino: GER 6877)—the first Cinerama show, back for a time.

La Vérité (Curzon: GRO 3737; dubbed version, Columbia: REG 5414)—Directed by Clouzot; not a spellbinder, but worth seeing. Brigitte Bardot as a beat girl on trial for murder. Flashbacks show that the facts revealed in evidence don't convey "the truth." (13/12/61)

Way of the Wicked (Jacey: TEM 3648)—Reviewed this week.

The Young Ones (Warner: GER 3423)—Reviewed this week.

SHOPS



Shops jumping the January sales gun: **Liberty's** start Dec. 27, remain open all day Saturday, Dec. 30. Reductions in crystal glasses, record players, French model clothes, Liberty printed silk scarves, furnishing fabrics, dressing-gowns. Patterns of fabrics sent, on request, to those unable to attend sale. **Derry & Toms** begin Dec. 27, end Jan. 10, and highlight sheets, blankets, pillowcases. Bedding is also reduced at **Waring & Gillow's**, from Dec. 28 for two weeks, as well as bedroom suites, three-piece suites, dining room tables and wing chairs.

Selfridges have reductions in most departments from Dec. 28 to Jan. 13. **Maples** hold their sale between the same dates, highlight oriental carpets, Royal Doulton tea, coffee and dinner sets, G-Plan furniture, Limba range, ready-made curtains and fabric remnants. **Heal's** begin Dec. 30, remain open all that day, and Jan. 10. Specially featured, kitchen units, refrigerators, tableware and glass, bedroom suites, blankets and exclusive fabrics.

Hector Powe's "Saving Period" starts Dec. 27 continues to Feb. 3; particularly reduced, two- and three-piece suits, dinner jackets, overcoats, ladies' tailored suits. **Hope Brothers** sale is from Dec. 27 to Jan. 20.

Peter Robinson have clearances in all branches from Dec. 29: preview for account customers Dec. 28. Large selection of coats, cotton and silk suits, Courtelle dresses; also furnishing fabrics at Strand branch only. Oxford Street and Strand branches remain open all day Dec. 30. From Jan. 1 for two weeks **D. H. Evans** star knitwear, teenage suits, boys' school shirts, children's clothes, leather coats, slacks.

MUSIC AND BALLET



Royal Albert Hall—Closed this week.

Royal Festival Hall—London's Festival Ballet in *The Nutcracker*. Daily, except Sundays, 3 pm, 7.30 pm, until Jan. 13.

Wigmore Hall—Closed this week.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Dec. 27, 7.30 pm, Dec. 30, 2.30 and 7.30 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty* (ballet). Dec. 28 and Jan. 1, 7.30 pm, *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Diversions* (ballet). Dec. 29 and Jan. 2, 7.30 pm, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Britten).

Sadler's Wells Theatre—Dec. 27 and 30, 7.30 pm, *Il Trovatore* (Verdi). Dec. 28 and Jan. 2, 7.30 pm, *Die Fledermaus* (Strauss). Dec. 29, 7.30 pm, *The Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart). Dec. 30, 2.30 pm, *Cinderella* (Rossini).

Savoy Theatre—D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. 7.30 pm, until Dec. 30, *Princess Ida*. Jan. 1-6, 7.30 pm, *The Mikado*. Matiné, Dec. 27, 30, 2.30 pm.

GALLERIES

Alfred Brod—Christmas drawings and sketches. **Brook Street**—Designs for Russian ballet. **Gallery One**—Repast of paintings. **Gimpel Fils**—Contemporary Eskimo art, until Dec. 30. **Grosvenor**—Kaplan lithographs, until Dec. 30. **Hanover**—Serge Rezvani. **Kaplan**—Impressionist and modern paintings and sculpture, until Dec. 30. **Molton**—Walter Nessler, Charles Salisbury. **National Portrait Gallery**—1961 Acquisitions. **O'Hana**—Young painters and sculptors. **New London**—Lynn Chadwick, until Dec. 30. **Redfern**—Deux Mille Gravures. **Reid**—Watercolours and pastels, 19th-20th c. **Royal Academy**—Sir Thomas Lawrence, until Dec. 31. **Waddington**—Leon Zack, until Dec. 30. **Whitechapel**—Derek Hill, until Dec. 31. **Zwemmer**—Christmas drawings and paintings, until Dec. 30.



MISCELLANEOUS

British Museum, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Antiquities, works of art, printed books, manuscripts. Daily 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm.

The Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1. Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 5 pm, Saturdays 9.30 am to 1 pm.

Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, E.C.4. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am and 2 pm, Saturdays 11 am.

The Design Centre, Haymarket, S.W.1. Daily except Sundays 9.30 am to 5.30 pm, Wednesday and Thursday 9 am to 9 pm.

Kew Gardens, Kew, Middx. Botanic Gardens, daily 10 am to 4 pm; Houses and Museums, daily 1 to 4 pm.

London Museum, Kensington Gardens, W.8. History of London. Daily 10 am to 4 pm, Sundays 2 to 4 pm.

The London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday 11 am, 12.15 pm, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 7 pm. Saturdays 11 am, 12.15 pm, 1.45 pm, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.30 pm, 8 pm. Sundays 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.30 pm, 8 pm.

Madame Tussaud's, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday 10 am to 6 pm, Saturdays and Sundays 10 am to 7 pm.

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2 to 5 pm.

Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Natural sciences. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily 3 pm, lecture tours, except Sundays.

Royal Exchange, E.C.3. Monday to Friday 10 am to 3 pm, Saturdays 10 am to 12 noon.

Science Museum, Exhibition Road, S.W.7. National Museum of Science and Technology. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily public lectures, children's films, 11 am. Sundays excepted.

Stock Exchange, 8 Throgmorton Street, E.C.2. Public gallery open Tuesday to Friday 10.30 am to 3 pm.

Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2 to 6 pm.

Tower of London, E.C.3. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 4 pm.

Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Museum of Applied and Fine Arts, all countries, styles and periods. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm.

Wallace Collection, Hertford House, W.1. Painting sculpture, furniture, armour. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2 to 5 pm.

Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, N.W.1. Daily 10 am to 3.30 pm.

RESTAURANTS

The symbol SM=standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice-cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.

Favas, 13 Frith St., W.1. Very good Italian cooking at modest rates. Send out for wine or take your own. You can book, GER 7247, but it's not always necessary.

Jasper's Eating House, 4 Bourne St., S.W.1. Tiny but gay; the waiters' coster clothes are a gimmick but the English food (jellied eels, steak, kidney, oyster and mushroom pie, etc.) is not. Lunch, Dinner till 11.30 pm, Mon. to Sat. Book, SLO 6445. Table d'hôte 12/6, 17/6. SM, say £1. **L'Escargot Bienvenu**, 48 Greek St., W.1. Authentically French in atmosphere and cooking, incl. snails, frogs. Try Chambéry as an aperitif. The bill is less than you expect.



You dig omens?



M C MILXI

You read stars, signs, palms, bumps, tealeaves, entrails, etc.? Oh good. Harken while Wilmot soothsaying Breeden, closing one eye, announce amazing portents. (Gentle reader, read gently.)

December BC 753: Romulus buries Uncle Remus, founds Rome.

December BC 218: Hannibal camps on Alps, sights Turin Town Hall.

December BC 1: Bir son of Brum founds Birmingham, invents engineering.

December AD 1859: Garibaldi founds Italy, invents biscuits.

December AD 1961: Wilmot Breeden invest Turin. Banners and trumpets.

A parley. W.B. acquire 45% share-holding in S.A.F.E. (say "Sahfay"), largest suppliers locks and small mechanisms to Italian motor industry.

Fiesta. Battle of flowers.

W.B. Zerotorque locks long manufactured under licence (sotto voce).

Close consultations (conversazioni). Technical exchanges (contrappunti sincopati) on methods, meccanismi, raw materials (prosciutto crudo). And now, in Torino, bullseye (osso buco) of automotive Italy (Italia rallia), S.A.F.E. weds Wilmot Breeden in marriage of true minds! Yo ho, Cagliostro! Ye stars knew all.

Wilmot italic Breeden, far-sighted, fecund (ma non troppo) . . .

S.A.F.E., industrious, molto vivace . . . celestial partners these, buddi predestinati. More trumpets! More flowers!

Common Market This Way! And Echo answers *Ecco!*

Wilmot Breeden

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WAREHOUSE FOR WOLSEY

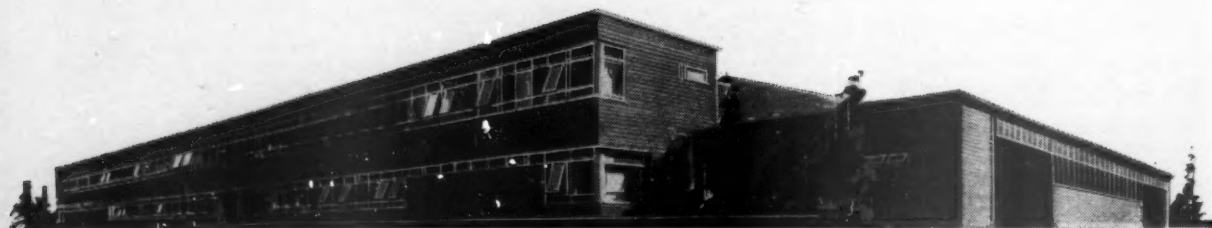
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At Wolsey's Abbey Meadow Mills in Leicester, there's a brand new warehouse. A 'purpose-built' warehouse, primarily designed and built to effect a substantial reduction in costs of warehousing and distribution.

Right up-to-date in conception and purpose, the warehouse gives a clear internal span of 100 ft., and the roof is clad with aluminium sheets 43 ft. in length, the longest yet made in Britain. There's a maple floor for dustproof cleanliness, hydraulically operated auto-ramps in the loading bays and lighting of special intensity.

Yet another successful Wolsey project and a typical Turriff 'package deal' contract. And yet another example of the way in which Turriff technicians, working in closest collaboration with your own consultants and specialists at every stage, can be depended upon to create just the right type of industrial building to meet your own special purpose and requirements.

TURRIFF



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PUNCH

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Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 958.



Charivaria

NO doubt Mr. Nehru, the Fighting Neutralist, was indifferent to public opinion when he sent his forces marching into Goa; but surely he could have done better than fight under the forbiddingly familiar slogan of "Our patience is exhausted"? If he wanted to give his aggression the semblance of justification he should have recalled his Brigadier Raja from the Congo and put him in command. At least when Brigadier Raja leads his troops into action he does it in the name of peace.

Mushrooming

AN unusually harmless dispatch from Moscow says that the population of Siberia has gone up by 2,700,000 in the past seven years. Still, statisticians in touch with seismographic sources point out that it isn't the only thing that keeps going up out there.

Keep Moving

A SUPERMARKET in New Jersey "has just opened its own bowling alley where housewives can relax after shopping." At this rate it won't be long before really skilled housewives start placing their baskets at the end of each



aisle and rolling their shopping accurately into them, thus killing two birds with one stone.

Not Their Year

LET me (since nobody else will) invite a pang of sympathy for the following, who may be thinking of

1961 as their unlucky year: all the lawyers whose services in the Appeal Court resulted in a doubled sentence for their clients; and all the finance companies whose attempts to recover hire-purchase debts have been met with awards of 1s. 6d. a week for ninety years.

Skin Deep

A LEADING dermatologist has announced that "skin diseases in civilised countries due to excessive



washing are commoner than those attributed to dirt," and at one boys' school has already been nominated as sportsman of the year.

Happy New Year

T IRED of making New Year's resolutions and then not keeping them, I am specialising this year in making resolutions for other people. Here is a random selection from a crop big enough to fill the paper—

Dr. Adenauer to look around for a new job. Mr. Iain Macleod not to write a book about the Suez adventure. Lord Russell in his own interest to give up sitting down in public. Mr. Alan Whicker to stand still at the beginning and end of his spots in *Tonight*. Mr. Ian Meckiff to take up baseball. Mr. Huw Wheldon to learn to pronounce French proper names. Miss Vanessa Redgrave to send her understudy on demonstrations instead of herself. Mr. Khrushchev gradually to cut down on his bomb-testing. Mr. Roy Thomson



Hollowood

"But you won't feel at all conspicuous, Dominic darling, after a few weeks."

gradually to cut down on the size of the *Sunday Times*.

Mr. Roy Brookes to keep political propaganda out of his property-advertisements. Editors of Sunday newspapers to give up censoring the political propaganda in Roy Brookes's property-advertisements. Mr. Bernard Levin to pay more attention to the acting and less to the reporting. Mr. Jimmy Greaves to learn a foreign language. Mlle. Françoise Sagan to take a little longer over her next book. Mr. Jack Kerouac to take much longer over his. Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte to do the same service for Sir Alan Herbert that she has been performing for Sir William Gilbert.

Mr. Gordon Pirie to count ten before speaking of the AAA. Mr. Sydney Bernstein to join Equity. Yogi Bear to appear as often as *Coronation Street*.

Mr. Harold Macmillan never to say "never again" again. General de Gaulle to touch his toes six times every morning. Mr. Harold Wilson to dissimulate in front of a mirror for ten minutes every day. Mr. Jonathan Miller to say something offensive to the middle classes. Mr. John Osborne to give up saying things offensive to the middle classes.

Status Symbols

I KEEP thinking of those American businessmen returning to their desks with the nifty, personalised,

sterling silver paper clips from Tiffany's they found in their stockings. Mr. Hackenbacker, for instance; smugly, he clips together two unread memos for office circulation, listens to the peals of admiration from the outer office, the groans of envy from executives along the corridor. An hour later the boss bursts in: "What the hell's the meaning of these clips, Hackenbacker? If you'd taken the trouble to read the paper you circulate you'd know that silver clips are for vice-presidents and only the president gets his initials on them. You're in the wire clip range and at this rate you'll finish up with string tags."

Or Nearest Fit

"WANTED, barrister's wig, approximately 7½, reasonable," says an advertisement in the Personal Column of *The Times*; and immediately one's vision of the law's majesty dissolves into a picture of learned gentlemen squabbling under second-hand, ill-fitting thatch. The word "approximately" is a little disturbing, but it would be unfair to assume that a barrister who is content with an approximately fitting wig is the sort who would use the approximately right word from the approximately right authority and earn his client approximate justice. How much more satisfactory if barristers could get their wigs on the National Health like the rest of us.



DAVID ANDERSON

"Bicarb. of soda, everyone, okay?"

Next Wednesday's Punch The Statesman's Secret Art

NORMAN MANSBRIDGE
reveals some unexpected
politicians' pastimes

Taps on Tape

HAPPY memories came flooding back when I read that Lance-Corporal Bates and Private Rangeley of the KOYLI have recorded fifty bugle-calls on tape for the benefit of the buglers of the 1st Tanganyika Regiment. African soldiers, as I recall, regard bugle calls as music rather than as signals to take some specific action. I was staying overnight in a transit camp once when it was inspected by General Sir William Platt, not the blandest general in the British Army. The guard turned out, faultlessly-accounted, and gave him an impeccable present-arms; the bugler raised his refulgent instrument to his lips . . . and sounded "Come to the cookhouse door."

And a Hair of the Dog?

A COSMETIC factory announces that it is going to supply free beer to boy-friends waiting for their girls working overtime within, but it takes some of the gloss off the gesture when we learn that the prime reason why this firm has beer on the premises is because it is a constituent of their beer-shampoo. If the principle spreads, the boys ought also to expect scrambled eggs, coconut ice, lemon squash—there's no end to the culinary possibilities of contemporary shampoos when you look into them.

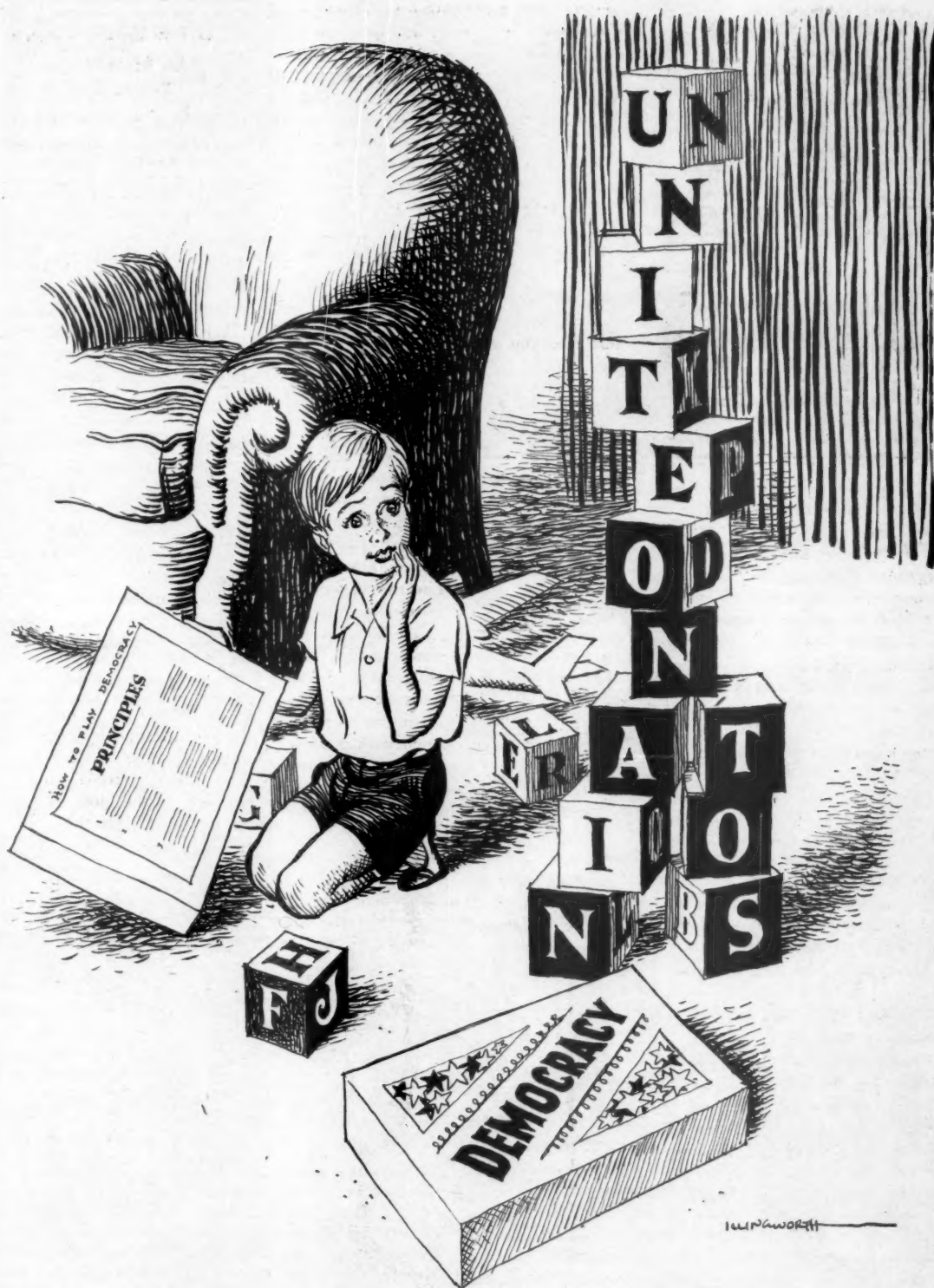
Adjustment

A Luton vicar is reported to be advancing Evensong to four p.m. so that people can see their television undisturbed.

DING, dong!
At four p.m.!
It won't take long.

Now we're free
To watch TV.
Miserere
Domine!

— MR. PUNCH



"Rule 1—All players must observe the Rules."



THE CROWDED WORLD

*The Church and the
Population Dilemma*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC POSITION

By MAURICE O'LEARY

SOONER or later in a discussion on population problems the Roman Catholic position is considered. Usually this happens when the argument has been well developed and birth limitation is proposed as an inevitable solution. The attitude of the Church of Rome is apt to be condemned as obstinate and obstructive in the face of facts. Hopes are sometimes expressed that this attitude will change through new liberal influences, or that discoveries like the steroid compounds may enable the Roman Church to modify her opposition to contraception.

Attempts are made to analyse the Church's motives. Increased power perhaps is sought through greater numbers, especially among the poor, for Roman Catholicism is said to flourish in poverty. The Roman Church is warned against such a shortsighted policy. An undernourished proletariat is also a breeding ground for her great enemy, Communism. But then the Church of Rome illogically appears to be opposed to contraception by anyone, including Communists. Large Roman Catholic families are deplored as a menace and burden to society, but soon someone claims that the Roman Catholic birthrate is no higher than the general birthrate, and that Roman Catholics obviously practise their own methods of birth limitation or surreptitiously use forbidden ones. The Roman Church is dismissed as being bound by outworn

dogmas or an atavistic fertility worship, but next is acclaimed as a convert to the ideals of neo-Malthusianism, differing only on the means of attaining them. "What is the Roman Church's position on overpopulation?" can quickly become "Why doesn't the Roman Church allow contraception?" Unfortunately the two questions appear to be inextricably entwined, but to accept them as such is to connive at a begging of the main question.

There is a Roman Catholic attitude towards overpopulation and it is not unfairly described as optimistic. But Roman Catholic optimism can only be justified if it is based on facts and reasonable forecasts. Roman Catholics have to work on the same demographic statistics as the neo-Malthusians, but they maintain that a central factor is their assessment of the potentiality of man, who is after all the subject of the demographer's study.

We should distinguish between the population problems. There are the immediate and foreseeable ones, and the possible but very hypothetical ones. There is the problem that at this moment there are many human beings who are starving or near starvation, and many more who are underfed. There is the problem that the control of disease in underdeveloped areas promotes such an increase in population that unless production keeps ahead there will be undernourishment at least, and a lowering of already low standards of living. There is the problem that the ultimate expansion of the human race appears to be limited by the earth's resources and inhabitable areas.

To the first two problems there are obvious solutions, which are not less true for being obvious and yet having hard and complex implications. To the starving and undernourished we must give food. In underdeveloped areas we must give intelligent aid so that production will keep ahead of population increase. Through the United Nations agencies, through individual governments and private foundations, much is being done which would scarcely have been dreamt of a generation ago. But the technologists tell us that a great deal more could be done, and that given political and economic freedom the problems of the present and of the foreseeable future could be contained. If the necessary movement of goods, capital and men is permitted and encouraged, the disproportions and imbalances between population and production can be eliminated.

And so the situation is not simply that men are the victims of relentless mathematical laws of arithmetica and geometrica progressions, but rather of the laws of supply and demand, with other men controlling the means which could increase the supply. The solutions to the immediate and foreseeable problems depend on the more effective recognition by the governments, financiers, industrialists, economists, investors, citizens, of the developed countries, that men form one human family. The scientific, technical and economic

MAURICE O'LEARY, born in London 1920; educated at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and the Venerable English College and Gregorian University, Rome; ordained priest 1944. Pastoral work in London. Since 1956, chairman of the Catholic Marriage Advisory Council, which provides education for family life, marriage counselling, and a medical advisory service.

co-operation which has already achieved so much has to be enormously developed.

It is a measure of the pessimism which so easily affects us that this can seem hopelessly idealistic and unpractical. We are so far from any effective recognition of the unity of the human family that in the rich countries enormous effort and ingenuity are directed to the production of fantastically expensive arms. Human hope is squandered negatively on the chance that the arms will never be used, and that man will survive. Eschatology is more topical than ecology, for the end of the world in our time has become a fashionable hypothesis.

But accepting the contrary hypothesis that there will be no nuclear cataclysm, no world-wide "overkilling," there remains the third problem. If men do co-operate and if we do balance population and production for the foreseeable future, what then? The earth's resources are finite, and given only a minimum compound increase there must eventually be a limit in 600, 700 or 800 years. And the earth will become an increasingly uncomfortable place in the process. What is the Roman Catholic position on that? Do we just wait for it to happen, or can we do anything to prevent it?

So many hypotheses are involved in the mere statement of this form of the population problem. There will be not only no man-made but no natural cataclysms. Our descendants will be dependent on the earth's resources and on the earth's inhabitable area, disease will continue to be controlled, the population will inevitably increase. We have to imagine a future situation with less chance of accuracy than William

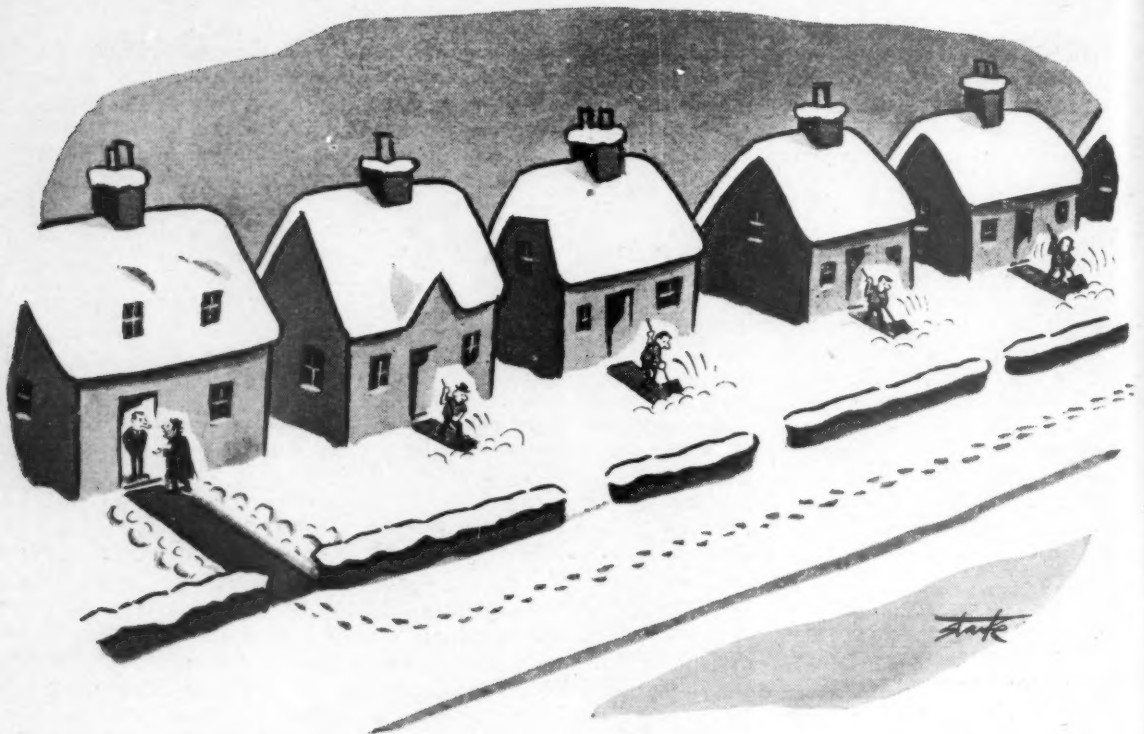
the Conqueror had of imagining modern London and its traffic problems. But though the problem is often presented imaginatively a real question is being asked. What is the position of the Roman Catholic Church should some form of population control become necessary? Could there be any modification of her intransigent opposition to old and new forms of contraception?

Sir Julian Huxley has, rightly pointed out that the real question at the heart of this form of the population problem is "What are people for?" This too is the starting point for the Roman Church: what man is, and what man is destined to be. However desperate a situation humanity may be in, or may imagine it will be in, the main term of reference is the human being. Man is the most adaptable of creatures, but the nature of man may not be moulded to fit the demands of any situation. It is precisely here that the Roman Catholic and the Humanist disagree. We have fundamentally different ideas about man himself. We can use the same words with different meanings. To understand the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church it may help to state certain of her premises, for this attitude results from a whole theory of life.

Man is not the absolute master of his own destiny, but a created being continually dependent on God, his Creator. We are masters of the rest of creation, but ourselves subject to God, made in His image and destined to share His life. We are subject to His laws, which are written in our being. Some we can see for ourselves by general or scientific observation, some have been more clearly defined through God's revelation to man. The manner in which human faculties



"It was one of those games supposed to start the party off with a swing."



"Spare a coin for a cup of coffee, sir?"

work indicates the ends they are meant to serve, and the means by which those ends should be achieved. This indicated order of means to ends the Roman Catholic Church calls the natural moral law. It is not based on a gathering of statistics of how men happen to be acting, but is an objective norm which indicates how, according to the design of the Creator, they ought to act.

The complex of human sexuality is seen as designed and determined by the Creator in its essential structures and in its functional processes. It is designed in the service of life. The act whereby human life may be given should be a true human and relational act, conscious, deliberate and loving. Human sexuality is not tied to blind instinct, it has no mating season. It has an alternating rhythm of fertility and infertility. The more precise knowledge of this emphasises still more the responsibility of married people. Within limits, they have the power of deciding when and if life should be given, whether their union should be an expression of love with a procreative intention, or whether it should be an expression of love alone. Their decision should be made in the light of their obligations to the Creator, to each other, to their family, to the society in which they live.

It is not claimed that Christian sexual morality is easily practised. Education and training are obviously necessary, and fundamental facts in Christian anthropology are that man is wounded in his nature, that he needs Redemption, that he cannot achieve self-mastery for long without God's help.

Those are the premises of the Roman Catholic Church's position. Men are responsible beings and they must act with a realisation of what they are and of what they are doing.

They must work within the terms of reference built into their nature by the Creator. Sexuality is not an exempt area. The design and structure of the sexual act must be respected. The structure of the act may not be changed through contraceptives or *coitus interruptus*. The structure of the body may not be changed with a contraceptive intent, through surgery or by drugs. These practices are proscribed not only as a pretence to powers man does not possess, but as a substitution of instinct for reason as a regulator of human sexual conduct.

This is a position from which the Roman Catholic Church will not, because it cannot, move. It is based, in the words of Pius XII, on "a precept as valid to-day as it was yesterday, and which will be the same to-morrow and always, because it is not a mere precept of human law but the expression of a law that is natural and divine."

This may sound stern and uncompromising, but so do all prohibitions. The pity is that in recent times the Roman Catholic Church's teaching so often has had to be presented negatively, as a refutation. But these negative prohibitions result from a very positive belief in the nature, dignity and destiny of the human person. It is this positive belief which makes the Roman Catholic Church refuse to panic in the face of this or any situation. Essentially the Roman Catholic Church is optimistic and believes in the capacity of man, aided by God, to recognise his dignity and responsibilities, and to solve his problems.

NEXT WEEK: Marghanita Laski

Annual Report

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

ADMITTEDLY there are still four days to go, and much can happen even in four minutes, but perhaps it isn't too risky to say that 1961 has largely been a year of unfulfilment: the *Daily Herald* didn't die, colour TV continued to lie low, Lord Home failed to hit a tiger; the Channel tunnel remained undug, the National Theatre unbuilt, the Capital Gains Tax unimposed and the Bomb undropped; the nearest we came to national annihilation was the scare about a missing cobalt-cylinder, later said officially to be roughly as dangerous as a shoe-shop X-ray machine.

While some of these terrors continued to hang over us, however, others petered out. There is no record, for instance, of what happened to Russia's rocket to Venus or the plans, mooted in April, to revise the Laws of Croquet.

Home politics were notable for the appointment of Dr. Beeching, the embarrassment of Sir Gordon Touche, the borrowing of £714,000,000 from the International Monetary Fund and the strike of carpenters renovating 10 Downing Street. Mr. Butler spoke well of the Spaniards, and Mr. Macmillan, almost immediately, of Mr. Butler. Wales was invaded by Sunday

Opening and German tanks, Lord Russell went limp in Parliament Square and Cunarders were given the freedom of the air and then deprived of it.

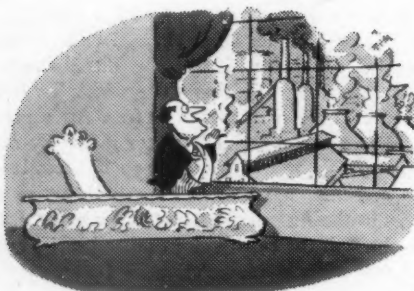
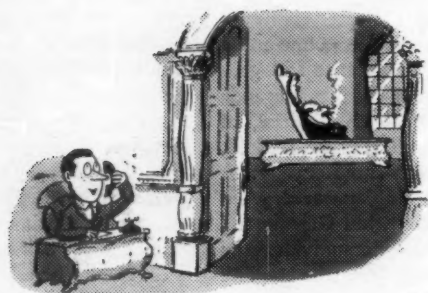
On the international front things were livelier, with Caroline Kennedy moving into the White House and Stalin moving out of Lenin's tomb, which seems only right. Some confusion continued to exist in the public mind as to the relative importance and geographical situation of Uganda, Buganda and Ruanda-Urundi—and, indeed, of Lumumba, Mobutu, Tshombe, Luthuli, Kasavubu, Nkrumah and Kenyatta. A few people still said Verwoerd when they meant Welensky, but Gagarin and Shepard retained distinct individualities in most minds, even those who couldn't quite place President Bourguiba or state the precise date when Do-yung Chang resigned as dictator of South Korea. Mr. Khrushchev's public image on the whole retained its outlines, whether he was adding 3,444,000,000 roubles to his defence budget or awarding Fidel Castro the Lenin Peace Prize. Practically no one could remember who Virgil Grissom was.

Science marched onwards, upwards and even downwards, as the Americans tried to bore a hole through the earth's

crust into the Mohorovicic discontinuity and Swedish cows were found to yield 20 per cent more milk if treated with affection. Monkeys in space pressed buttons which released bananas. Russians claimed they could cut wood without making saw-dust. A two-headed sparrow was reported in Kent, a night-watchman's ghost in Berkshire, and Russian oarsmen at Henley; these last, if confirmed, should more properly be classified under Sport, which consisted largely of horse-doping and Jimmy Greaves, though Australia also came into it, and people sitting round the fire after their Christmas dinner last Monday and being unable to remember who Quick, Kline, Grout and Burge were should be ashamed of themselves. They will hardly have forgotten, at any rate, that a man who tried to influence the result of a dog-race by jumping on to the track at Harringay was later charged with insulting behaviour, though a Mr. Blanchflower did much the same thing with a TV programme and got off scot free. Attempts to take the fun out of motor racing by reducing engine capacity to 1½ litres brought angry protests from both active and passive participants. Similar feelings were aroused, in other hearts, by the tampering with



"Angela?—that's a pretty name!"



the ridge in the pitch at Lord's.

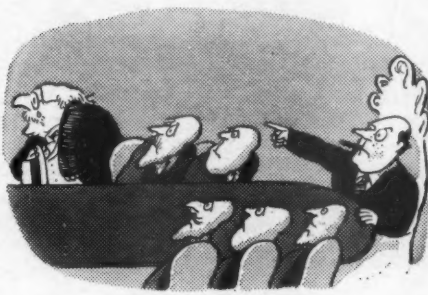
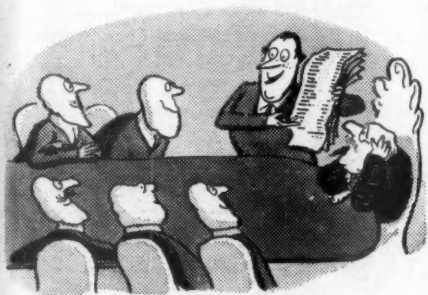
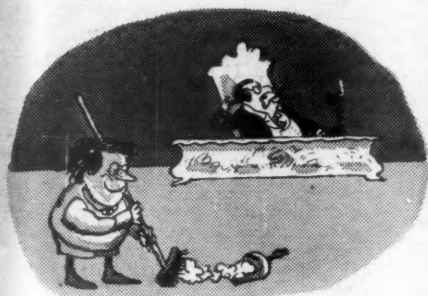
Bradshaw packed up, beating the railways to it, some thought, by a short head; and other events in the field of the printed word included Mr. Roy Thomson, the birth of the *Sunday Telegraph*, and a lock of Adam Faith's hair offered as a prize by the *Woman's Mirror*. The new Bible and Lady Chatterley went well, but there was a falling-off in Generals' reminiscences. The *Daily Express* came out strongly in favour of the *Daily Express*, but wasn't absolutely certain that entering the Common Market was a good thing. The *Sunday Dispatch* was dispatched.

The arts were active. Mr. Henry Sherek ate to music. Investors aban-

doned Mines, Steels, Shipping, Breweries and Textiles in favour of Rouaults, Cézannes, Matisse, Utrillos and Picassos; in fact, with a Rembrandt going for £821,400, a Goya for nothing, and *Exodus*, *Ben Hur* and *Spartacus* for about four hours each, it was obvious that people simply couldn't get enough of pictures. Even Mr. Thorneycroft had a one-man show. In the theatre, Mr. Arnold Wesker epitomised trends with *The Kitchen*, and may even have arrested them, as Aeschylus felt able to show himself at the Old Vic. Mrs. Roger Gilliatt spoke well of John Osborne's *Luther*; Marcel Marceau looked in; Bardot went to war; Monroe was a misfit and so was Arthur Miller;

Miss Christie's mousetrap went into its tenth cheese-yielding year with the spring still not sprung; most of the Royal Court playwrights were out of prison in time for Christmas; and Rupert Brooke, enjoying a brief rebirth, would have been seventy-four this year. A Mr. Tiffany produced a book on table manners, after having Audrey Hepburn to breakfast. The Royal Ballet went to Baalbek, the obedient husband to Glyndebourne, Trooping the Colour to Moscow, Angus Wilson to the Zoo.

On the whole, however, the general scene continued to be dominated by people, either in the personal sense, as doers, or the sociological, as done to.



To take the last first, they had their passports cheapened, their census taken, their surtax relieved and their chewing-gum banned at a Derbyshire swimming baths. It was revealed that several thousand civil servants were entitled to enter their homes, including members of the Alkali Inspectorate. Near Southwell cathedral they were forbidden to display their washing. Their aircraft noises weren't abated. They had Iodine 131 in their milk. Their summer-time was longer, their transistors more plentiful, their Light Programme brass louder and more discordant, their eyes numbed with pictures of Tristan da Cunha. They submitted to artificial respiration by mouth-breathing, higher

buildings, injunctions to give safety-belts for Christmas, a homes shortage, beehive hairdos, go-slows on the railways, prefabricated meals, a new ten-shilling note (just about half as popular as the new pound of last year), dearer fares, bread, cigarettes, telephones and mortgage interest, and no postal deliveries on Christmas Day.

Among those less hard hit was Mr. Armstrong-Jones, who managed to get a good job with the Council of Industrial Design leading to almost immediate promotion.

In conclusion, Princess Margaret lost a butler and gained a son; Mr. Betjeman lost an arch but gained a good deal of press coverage; Monty

fancied a trip into the jungle with Mao; the Duke of Kent got married; James Zarb and Dandy Kim both came home; and the A6 achieved a popular success which Mr. Marples, with all his gifts, failed even to manage for that old, accident-prone M1.

Punch became 120, and wondered, as he looked back on the year, why he still managed to feel so surprisingly young, all things considered.

☆

"Centipedes Stop Work in Freighter."
— *The Times*

So much for immigrant labour.

WHT



"Gott gives way to trench foot, Witherington."

Living to Rule

H. F. ELLIS suggests that two can play at that Game

WHEN I first began to eat to rule in the nursery I had no idea I had stumbled upon one of the great sanctions by which free men fearlessly assert their rights and raise the standard of revolt against the grinding tyranny of governments and plutocrats. It simply seemed a good way of annoying Nanny.

Quite a lot can be done with the rules of eating, as laid down from time to time by anxious parents and a precept-loving nurse, to protract a mealtime beyond the endurance of an average adult. Refusing to turn the fork over for peas, keeping the elbows so close to the sides as to make manipulation almost impossible, laying the spoon and fork down between every mouthful, not drinking until the mouth is absolutely empty, making a long shy rigmarole of asking for the sugar instead of reaching across for it, repeatedly dabbing the lips with the lower end of the bib—there are a thousand justifiable devices for maddening the establishment. We used all of them from time to time as a matter of course, without expecting or receiving

so much as a line of publicity, even in the local parish magazine, for our efforts.

Later, at school, there were wider opportunities. "I thought you said we were never to . . ."; "Mr. Hankinson told us . . ."; "I'm sorry to have been so long, but we're not allowed to run across Court"; "Sir, there's a School Rule . . ." It was even possible, given a weakish sort of form master, to plead a compulsory haircut as a reason for not having prepared twenty lines of Virgil. They were gay days, but they were numbered. It simply did not occur to us that such childish goings-on could with advantage be carried over into adult life. Even at the university we preferred other methods of controlling our environment; I do not recall a single one of my contemporaries turning up three-quarters of an hour late for a tutorial on the plea that he had had to read right through the Statutes in Latin to make sure it was not forbidden to consort with philosophers on a Saint's Day. Living to rule, I suppose it has to be confessed, was by this time regarded as a baby trick.

It is necessary to think again. One must live in the real world, growing up with it, accepting changed values, casting aside outworn prejudices and fuddy-duddy assumptions of superiority. Persuasion, it has been well said,* is nine-tenths of the art of living, and if the accepted means of persuasion in the splendid 'sixties is to cause the maximum inconvenience to the largest possible number of uninvolved people, and get paid for doing it, who are we old buffers that we should stand aside from the Movement? If only everybody would live to rule, we ought to be able to bring every known form of human activity to a standstill within a matter of weeks, thus forcing the Government to accede to any demands we cared to make; and if some of our demands proved to be contradictory, we could all lie down in the road outside the Palace of Westminster as a protest against a state of affairs that had clearly become intolerable.

It may be objected that the general public has no such clear-cut body of rules to live and work to as those that can make life such a lark for, e.g., motormen, post office engineers and civil servants. While a railway driver, to put the difficulty in concrete form, is happily declining to take his train out until the statutory buckets of sand have been filled to a level that he deems to be conformable with the operational Rules of his profession, what can the hundreds of men and women who have been shuffling about on the platform in a bitter wind for the last forty-five minutes do to help? Where is the Code upon which they can rely to back up their refusal to enter the train when the driver is at last ready to start? Well, as a matter of fact, they have a weapon ready to hand in the Regulations and Conditions of the British Transport Commission, subject to which their tickets are issued but which are not printed thereon. They have a right, indeed they have a duty, to see and study these Conditions and Regulations before consenting to take their places in the hopelessly inadequate carriages provided. Nor need there be any hurry to embark, even when copies of the Regulations have been printed and distributed or alternatively read out over the loud-speaker system. On

* If it has not been said before, it has been said now.

learning, perhaps for the first time, that explosives and (as I believe) sphagnum moss may not be carried on the Commission's rolling stock except by special arrangement, every passenger assuredly ought to search his or her luggage, briefcase, handbag, pockets, etc., in order to ensure that no forbidden article has inadvertently been placed therein. He should also examine his clothing to make sure that it is not offensive to his fellow-passengers or liable to stain or damage the Commission's upholstery. He might well call for large double mirrors to enable him to scrutinise his back, for no man can be absolutely certain that he has not recently sat on a piece of chewing gum or been surreptitiously pelted with porridge.

Almost every action that we take, whether it be driving a car, buying cigarettes or simply taking the dog for a walk, is governed by rules, if we will only seek for them, rich in the raw material of procrastination and obstruc-

tiveness. There are bye-laws on every hand. A very satisfactory hold-up could be caused at park gates if drivers and the pedestrians would insist on reading regulations about kite-flying and riotous behaviour before entering. A man could spend a whole morning getting into Kew Gardens. National Health forms should be scrutinised with great care in doctors' surgeries. The public must insist on giving aid to the police in large numbers, whenever the latter appear to be outnumbered on traffic duty or at weddings. The laws relating to invitees and the duty owed to persons entering premises under a contract are sufficiently complicated, if rigorously studied and applied, to make hospitality and office work alike all but impossible. There are rich veins to be explored in the field of sport, e.g. by scrum halves with a really conscientious determination to stand exactly one yard from the scrum when putting the ball in. The Ten Commandments are still officially

extant, and the thirty-nine Articles may be worth more than a cursory glance.

Of course it would all be very vexatious and uncomfortable. But it would be vexatious and uncomfortable for *everyone*—and that would include motormen, post office engineers and civil servants.

☆

8. For the definition of "*Weekly Short Day*" in paragraph 20 there shall be substituted the following:—

"*Weekly Short Day*' means that day in any week on which the worker is, in accordance with the provisions of section 17 of the Shops Act, 1950, required not to be employed about the business of a shop after half past one o'clock in the afternoon, or, where there is no such day, or where the day falls on a customary holiday a working day in the week not being a customary holiday, fixed by the employer and notified to the worker not later than the Saturday preceding the week during which it is to have effect; or, failing such notification, the last working day in the week which is not a customary holiday."

—A Government leaflet

We'll stay late.



"Oh no!—not another unofficial walkout."

The Madcap and the Ghost

By R. G. G. PRICE

1
"I'M not afraid of spooks," laughed pert Moira Kent-Harbinge as she slid lightly down the Great Staircase on a tray inscribed "A Present from Charles II."

The castle was filled with glitter and gaiety but the hoary librarian, Octavius Wing ma., M.A., shook his well-stored head doubtfully. No good would come of irritating the spectres. He recalled several occasions when rash, heedless words had led to trouble. There was the merry redhead Lady Katharine who in 1742 was found under the mulberries cocooned by silkworms with a look of indescribable horror in her eyes: she had spoken slightly of The Lidless Nun. Then there was that glittering brunette butterfly, Laetitia

Fairfax-Fax-Fax. Her laughing dismissal of the legend of That Which Haunted the Empty Chamber could hardly be dissociated from the fact that she had been found in The Empty Chamber quite obviously having been haunted. The librarian pursed his well-chewed lips and turned his thoughts to the silvern laugh that had rippled from the throat of Mitzi, Princess of Hoch-Baden. In the course of a wild rosebud prank she had flung her arms round the Dean's Landing and kissed the visor. It had kissed her back.

But the merry throng of revellers was in no mood for the librarian. He was not to their gimcrack taste. Heedless, drunk with pleasure, they egged Moira on to further feats of fecklessness.

From the magnificent hall rose peal upon peal of golden laughter. In a transport of pink-cheeked mirth she cried out, "If I met a ghost, I'd marry him!" As the ill-chosen words left her tongue, the temperature fell, some carrion bird cried raucously from a chandelier, a deep-toned bell tolled and before the horrified eyes of the company Moira vanished.

2
 The incautious hoyden came to her senses in a drab and ostentatiously hygienic register office. She was being persecuted with smelling salts by a crone. To her dismay she noticed a wedding-ring on her finger. The Registrar had clearly just completed the ceremony. But of her husband there was no sign.



3

"Is she wife, widow or single?" the Marchioness asked her social secretary irritably as she inspected the guest-list for the next festivity at the Castle. "Do I ask a man for her? Does the invitation go to her and her husband? Is she to be counted among the matrons sitting in places of honour well out of the way or is she still one of that bevy known as 'the rattles' upon whom we rely to make our all-too-serious welkin ring?"

The social secretary was feeling triumphant and liberated as he was leaving to marry a minor cousin of the Marquis's whom he had captured by abusing the opportunities of his position. He pointed out with relish that anyone who married one of the Castle ghosts became, if not a member of the family, an inmate and would therefore be expected to help with the entertainment of the guests. His employer was torn between an academic interest in the many problems of etiquette posed by the situation and a feeling that, while Moira's high spirits provided a leavening in the party season, they were not what one would have chosen to live with at other times.

4

When the Ballroom, the Queen's Drawing-room, the Chapel, even the Rotunda next echoed with the sound of enjoyment, Moira was, if not exactly shunned by her former friends, left a little outside their circle, though she kept explaining that she had never seen her husband and considered herself free. Rejecting the decorum proper to a newly-wed, she roughly pushed her way on to the staircase and slid down on the only tray left, one that had been presented to the 14th Marquis in recognition of his services to District Nurses. It was a smaller tray than she was used to.

At dinner she was given the county's most silent earl, a bachelor of sixty-three who was reputed to have a large collection of birds' eggs and a mother who still sang him to sleep. Moira, determined to keep her reputation for vivacity, chaffed him about tree-climbing, but he said in an offended tone that he kept a staff for tree-climbing and when she winked at him and asked whether she might call and climb his trees herself he coldly replied, only if she used a ladder.



"Well, can't you at least sell them to some store as stage money?"

The tenants' ball that followed was misery for her. Some rather smarmy tenants kept making coy remarks to her of which the least offensive was "Where's hubby?" Suspended between two worlds, neither of which seemed to accept her, Moira wandered away moodily. In one of the many supper rooms she sat down alone to pasties and jellies, not realising the food had been specially chosen to give stamina to the band. She also drank a good deal of champagne.

In the old days, even a couple of glasses had made her a ringleader in the revels. Now, well into her second bottle, she became belligerent. Waving a charlotte russe that she had decided suited her personality, she climbed on to a tray that was rather uncomfortably embossed with Queen Victoria's children and launched herself down the Great Staircase. And as she picked up speed she shouted "I believe in ghosts. But I don't believe in the aristocracy."

There was a crash of thunder and the noise of riven columns. The great, Italianate ceilings, the candelabra, the gallery of curiosities, the damask and the gilt shivered and crumbled. Then

a high wind soughed like the cry of a forlorn bird over the reeds where the castle had stood. Moira found herself in a small bed-sitter in Kennington. And from the dusty, yellowing air came a peevish voice she recognised as her husband's: "I wish you'd learn to think before you speak."

Cost of Loving

Mr. Gerald Durrell is buying by instalments a mate for his £1,200 female gorilla N'Pongo.

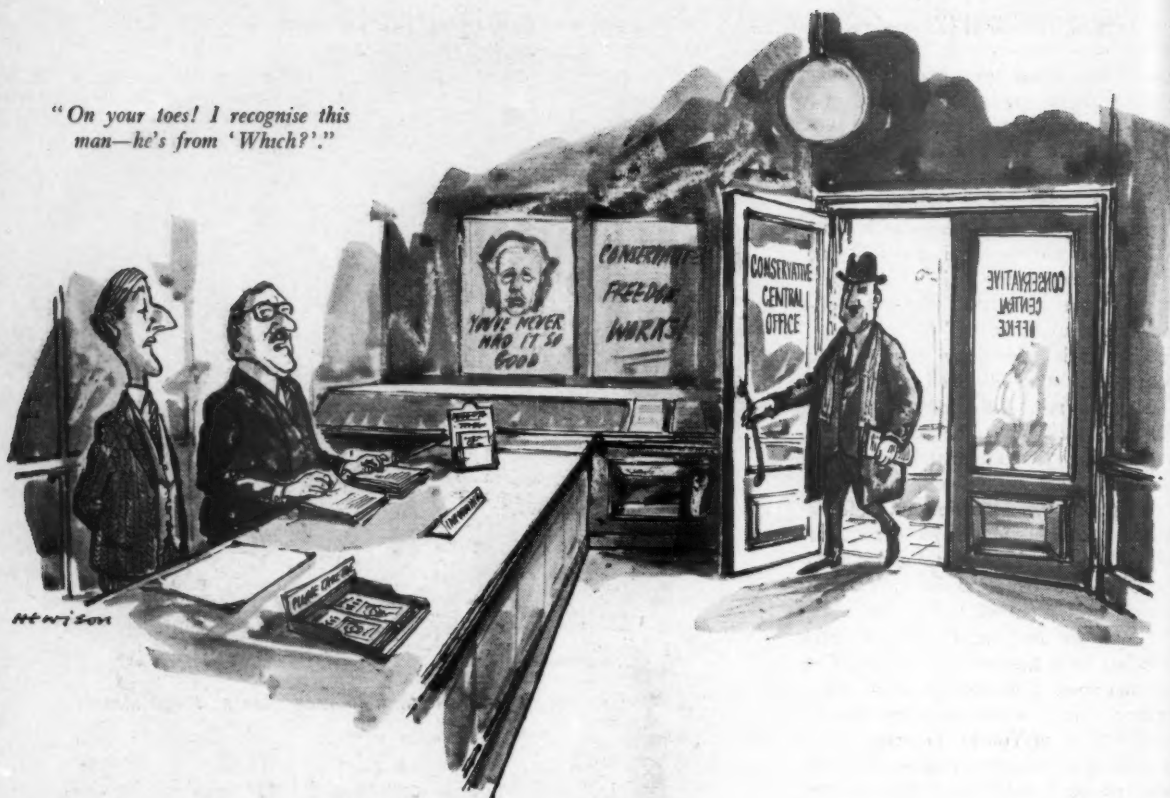
A LADY looking for a mate
Resents a never-ending wait;
N'Pongo probably preferred
Her payments, not her hope, deferred.

A long gorilla war of nerves
Is not the lot that she deserves;
Far better let her get her man
In peace, on the instalment plan.

Although "Wed Now, Pay Later" seems
A damper on romantic dreams
What is it but, in modern measure,
"Marry in haste, repent at leisure"?

— ANTHONY BRODE

"On your toes! I recognise this man—he's from 'Whuch?'."



Round Ravioli's

ALAN HACKNEY hears about modern living trends from the caff customers

"WHERE are we going to be," demanded the man with the choker, "when they all get like my married daughter?"

"Search me, Ted," invited Jack. "I thought she moved out somewhere, did she?"

"You're not kiddin'," said the man in the choker, "Min and me went to see them, Sundy. Spend 'alf the day on buses. Right up the top flat, this multi-storey block. Flat? More like a jowl. Got bars up at the winders on account of the nippers."

"That's the trend, mate," agreed Jack. "Keep on goin' up and up! Spread out! Every year goes by, you got to walk further to meet the same people. I tell you, I pity the postman, I'm not kiddin'."

"Course, she goes a bundle on the place," reported the man in the choker.

"I didn't much fancy it. Never see no one, not even up and down the stairs. They got a lift. You can't tell me it's 'ealthy."

There was the sound of grinding grit as a man in an indeterminate blue uniform changed the position of his feet, the better to meet this unexpected challenge.

"Not 'ealthy?" he snorted. "A lift? I've 'ad this lift job fourteen years, no trouble, bar feet. Even then, give you've got a stool, you're quids in."

"Last summer they played you up, though, Frankie," Jack reminded him. "Feet."

"Ne'mind all this how's-ya-farver over feet," said the man in the choker. "Who said anything about lifts?"

"You, mate," said the lift man.

"I've nothink against lifts, old love," disclaimed the man in the choker.

"Only them old 'uns at Tube stations, go crawlin' up like a snowl. No, livin' out like that, never meet anyone, all that sound insulation, it can't be right. I'd go orf me chump."

"You meet plenty people in a lift," maintained the lift man. "Can't get away from them."

"Not round my married daughter's," said the man in the choker. He stirred his tea until he had imparted a brisk circular motion to it, then floated his spoon abstractedly. "You can't call it civilisation," he maintained.

"It's the modern trend though, Jim," repeated Jack. "Do It Yourself, Serve Yourself, Keep Yourself To Yourself. Then they talk about the problem of communication."

"Who does?" asked the lift man.

"In the papers; on the Third Programme sometimes, then there's

some of these plays," said Jack. "Always comin' up." He fell back on his generalisation to the sound of a faint clanking from the man in the choker's cup.

"Never comes up on the sports page," said the lift man, doubtfully.

"Could do," Jack assured him. "When nobody can't understand each other—that's when they reckon there's this problem. S'pose you got a ref always givin' unpopular decisions, well, that's a case."

"More like dead ignorance it sounds," said the man in the choker. "I never 'ave no problem about communication, old love. Anyone can't understand what I say, they want to wash their ears out."

"Yer, well, it wasn't that exactly," said Jack. "Still, you know what they're like. Always make out there's more problems than most people could think up. Usually sorts itself out."

"I speck so," said the lift man. "When I was first married you got a lot of chat about the Problem of Old Age. Now I'm pushin' sixty all I 'ear about's the Problem of Youth. Funny."

"Strikes me you missed the bus somewhere," said the man in the choker. "That, or got stuck in the old lift. That'd give you a problem of communication, stopped between two floors, eh?"

"Never in fourteen years," said the lift man primly.

"Fancy," said the man in the choker. "Married all those years and you never 'ad the excuse for not being 'ome on time. Dear oh dear."

"That's my look out," said the lift man. "If I want a night out I can think up sunnick better'n that. Stuck in the lift?" he cried, in a higher tone. "You must reckon I'm short on imagination."

"Any old 'ow," announced the man in the choker, "I can't sit 'ere all day talkin' about lifts just because you work in one. You want to 'ave some consideration for other people. Earlier on I raised a subject, then you got on to lifts."

"Your married daughter, Jim," said Jack. "When everyone gets like 'er. All these tendencies an' 'at."

"That's right," said the man in the choker. "Well, my present place I got now, that oughta see me out. Then when I get me wooden suit, and no more problems of communication, they can

knock the whole terrace down, put up as many flats as they like and be as miserable as they fancy. I shan't knock on the wall and tell 'em to stop 'angin' theirselves."

"Crummy, you're cheerful," said Jack. "Still, I've always reckoned a good row next door's company. Cheers you up, long as you can make out what they're sayin'."

"Certainly," confirmed the man in the choker forcefully. "You can't tell me women can do without it eether. I can't see no future for soundproofin', lifts and that lumber when you got

the choice of a fence to 'ave a conflag over."

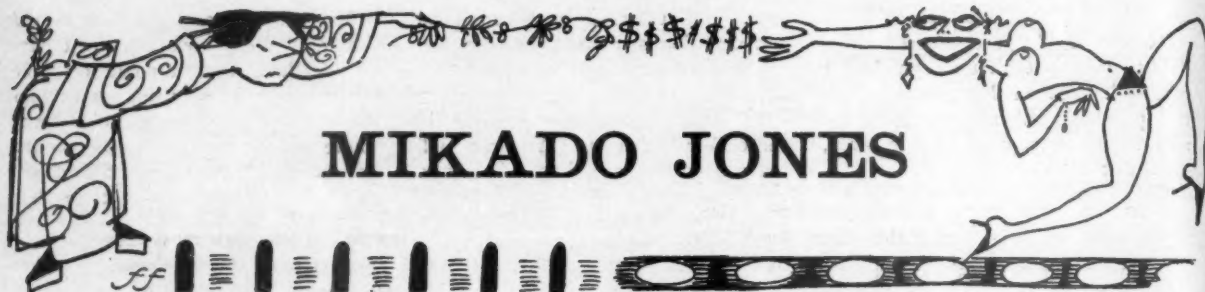
"'Course, *some* people," said the lift man, grinding his gritty boots again, this time to get up, "trouble is *stoppin'* them chatterin'."

"Is that so?" said the man in the choker. "Well, 'ere's a bit of advice for *you*, then. Best be polite to people you meet on the way up, cos in *your* job, old love, it's a pound to a penny you're gunner meet 'em again on the way down. *And* mind the doors, please. Old Jack on'y just got 'em mended."



"Don't forget that Mr. Stanton helped to make it a pleasant evening, too, Arthur."

At the Savoy Theatre the D'Oyly Carte company is giving its last grand season before the expiry of Gilbert's copyright on December 31 throws the Gilbert and Sullivan operas open to every producer who thinks he can improve on them. With the example of "Carmen Jones" in mind, here is one suggestion, aptly entitled



ACT I

Dan K. Poole, owner of the Nippon Nite-club, has come to Las Vegas to sign up the Three Ward Sisters—

DAN: An impresario I

With contracts in my fingers

For hoofers, bands and singers—

They only need apply!

But he learns that the Sisters are already under contract to Scarface Jack Cocoa, a bigshot gangster with a niterie of his own. Mitch Truss, a wealthy playboy in whom Dan confides, tells him that Cocoa, who had been jailed for income-tax evasion, has been released by the newly-elected State Governor, Mikado Jones, on condition that he plays along with him, and has become the most influential man in the state. Before Dan has even met the Ward Sisters, Cocoa busts in on him—

CHORUS OF HOODLUMS:

Behold the big boss of the racketeers

A gangster both destructive and despotic,

Whose mob of pistol-packing buccaneers

Wring wealth from vice and gambling and narcotic.

Cocoa loses no time in making it clear who he is after—

COCOA:

There's a bunch of solid burghers I don't care to have around—

I've got it cut and dried—I've got it cut and dried—

We ain't gonna leave 'em quiet till they're six feet underground—

We'll take 'em for a ride—we'll take 'em for a ride!
There's the racket-busting copper full of stern crusading fire,

And the Honest Joe attorney who is anxious to go higher,
Municipal officials bent on cleaning up the city,
Who will never take a bribe unless it's more than half the kitty,

And reporters who expose the tricks of honest homicide—

We'll take 'em for a ride—we'll take 'em for a ride!

When Dan at last gets to see the Ward Sisters he confesses that he is really President of Topten Records Inc., but is

living in concealment because Mikado Jones has ordered him to sign up Katie Shaw, an ex-girl friend of his with a voice like Florence Foster Jenkins. Here are the Sisters, by the way—

TRIO: Three little teenage kids are we—

Dig our waggling anatomee

As we dispense close harmoniee—

Three little teenage kids!



IRENE: If you think we're about your speed

BETTY-MAE: We can be cute little chicks indeed—

ESTELLE: An affluent sponsor is all we need,

ALL: Three little teenage kids!

Then we would find complete nirvana

In Oregon, Maine or Louisiana

Living on Coke and marijuana—

Three little teenage kids!

Mikado Jones sends Cocoa a message that he has only released him on condition that he gets the city under his thumb, and there seem to be a lot of citizens under other thumbs, or even their own, still. If the city isn't fixed within a month, Cocoa must go back to the penitentiary. Feeling ripe for any kind of duplicity, especially the kind that forwards the plots of comic operas, Cocoa meets Dan. Dan, despondent at his failure to secure the Three Ward Sisters, is on the point of leaving for England; it occurs to Cocoa that since Dan is not under his thumb it would be a good idea to run him out of town, and so satisfy both of them, but Dan finds this suggestion undignified. As a compromise they arrange that Dan can save face by presenting the Sisters at the Nippon Nite-club for a month, Cocoa taking half the gross receipts, and at the end of that time Cocoa will have him deported for not having a resident's visa.

But they have reckoned without Katie Shaw, who interrupts into the proceedings claiming that Dan has an exclusive contract with her, and threatening that if he is not careful she will tell everyone who he really is. Curtain, mercifully, on the first act.



ACT II

The Ward Sisters are rehearsing for their opening—

TRIO: Raze the surplus hair,
Pad the shallow breast—

Dab the makeup where

It will show the best.

Point and paint the nails—

Deodorise the arms—

Art that never fails

Brings synthetic charms!

We are made, by all these tricks,

Just like film-stars on the flicks!

Dan and Mitch Truss join them, and they sing together of their happiness—

MADRIGAL: Critics throng our opening night!

How will us poor girls repay them?

Will we lay an egg or slay them?

Are our prospects dim or bright?

Someday we'll, for all that we know,

Hit Los Angeles or Reno,

Even make the Great White Way,

Hey hey! Hey hey!

So until we reach our goal

We'll put all our heart and soul

In this crazy rock 'n' roll—

Rock 'n' roll!

Skat-dat-do-de-o-do, etc.

Cocoa comes with more bad news. It seems that under state law when Dan is deported he will be bound to arrest the Sisters on a vagrancy charge. To make matters worse, the imminent arrival is announced of Mikado Jones himself. Take your Ward Sisters, says Cocoa, and keep out of sight until you hear from me, huh?

Mikado Jones outlines his policy for non-co-operators—

MIKADO: On small-time punks that I find double-crossing
I really turn the heat!

They shoot endless craps

With violent chaps

Who crudely and constantly cheat—

and so on.

And now, he inquires of Cocoa, how's about the fixing of this town? Going fine, boss, Cocoa assures him; only this morning I deported a guy who didn't have a resident's visa. Sure, sure, says Mikado, but listen, the guy I'm after right now is the President of Topten Records Inc. This guy has a contract with my good friend Katie Shaw and he's trying to get out from under. They tell me he's going by the name of Dan K. Poole.

That, says Dan, is the very guy I deported this morning. Too bad, says Mikado, Katie won't like that. I can't answer for what she might do to a guy who'd deport her manager.

Well, of course it all ends up happily. Cocoa himself offers Katie a contract, and she intercedes with Mikado for him; what's more, it turns out (as if you didn't know) that Dan is a former member of the Mikado Mob, and Mikado not only approves of the engagement of the Three Ward Sisters to play at the Nippon Nite-club but sends his strong-arm men out to close down every other niterie in town.

D'Oyly Carte has Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting in the pit; a rival has Tyrone Guthrie producing. For this production it is hoped to get Jerome Robbins.

THE SEEDING TWENTIES by Gwyn Thomas



THE BANNER

NORMALLY my father was against revivalists. He said he opposed them on purely ethical grounds. People existed in an igloo of acceptance. Then the apocalyptic boys would come around, whip them into a great heat of yearning, melt their shelters and leave them facing an even stranger winter of perplexity.

We had heard that he himself had been revived and re-admitted to his sect three times during the revival of 1911. But he told us that at that period he was suffering from a type of palsy common among men who tended horses for a living as my father did. It was an ailment known as Ostler's Nod and it caused the sufferer to move his head sharply in a gesture of assent. It was caused by deposits of barley dust in the sinuses, the fruit of long peering into feed-bags. My father had gone along to the revivalist's meeting purely as a word-fancier. The congestion in the chapel or tent had slapped his sinuses into an alert malignancy, and when the preacher called on the repentant to set sin aside and step into the light, my father would seem to move forward, signalling "Yes, yes," with his head and he was counted among the cleansed. But it had been no more than a message from the barley-dust, a climax of Ostler's Nod.

Over the years he had been a warm supporter of those lads in the Institute who equated theology with yaws and, if they attended revival meetings at all, sat in the front row, frowning, singing deliberately off-key and winking at each other as if they knew something about the revivalist that nobody else did. My father practised this winking in the kitchen and, until we found out that he was not trying to convey some message about the food, kept us on edge.

Then, when I was about ten, he had a change of heart. For three years past we had been visited by a revivalist called Mr. Mather. He was a sonorous scourge who would spend his winters staring at salmon and sin in the Vale of Cothi,

then swoop down in spring and summer on the industrial gulches, blow-torching the paint off the peccant clowns who had gone through the dark months building up an illusion of immunity against saints and prophets. One blast from Mr. Mather and they were exposed to every conceivable draught of guilt. Self-examination and penance drove like hail through countless homes. The river of ale thinned to an apologetic trickle. Love affairs that had flared like Etna through a thousand back lanes dimmed to greying slag. Mr. Mather had no regular pastorate. These purgative safaris were his only line.

A surge of exhibitionism would set the town's nerves jumping. People who normally crept about dun and timid as mice leapt like rainbow trout. Each evening, for an hour before the meeting, Mr. Mather would lead his followers in a kind of singing, shouting jehad around the town. In the main they were children commanded by Mr. Mather to look clean and happy, and managing almost to the point of laceration and madness to seem so. We had never seen children look so blissful as those who marched behind Mr. Mather. If one of them, weary of walking and singing the simple gospel songs taught them by Mr. Mather, should fall silent and sullen, Mr. Mather would be at his side in an instant to chide, encourage and bring the smile back to brilliance.

As long as my father stayed in thrall to the boys at the Institute we had no part of all this, and we felt deprived. There was nothing my brother Nick and I would have liked better than to be in there with the column, looking candent with faith and putting real authority into the action-songs. We fancied ourselves as marchers and we had loud alto voices. We were jelly-addicts and seed-cake lovers. We



"And this is Brother Thomas—our PRO."



"... then once you've finished paying the 36 monthly instalments, you'll have a clear 12 months before you have to start worrying about whether it will pass the 4-year test."

envied the other children the lush vestry teas put on by Mr. Mather's powerful phalanx of women followers. Their teas also featured a type of jam-and-custard tart that was, for us, a sunlit peak. We coveted the brilliant nickel-plated medallions which Mr. Mather distributed to each child at the end of the week's mission bearing the name and date of the crusade. These medals were of exactly the same size as a shilling and in the post-missionary period gave a jolt to the slot-machine commerce that led directly to the economic confusion of the 'thirties. But we were outside all this. We were under instructions from my father to treat Mr. Mather with deliberate ribaldry and to give supporting noise to the group of free-thinkers on the pavement who likened Mr. Mather to Mahomet, shouted loud satirical slogans about Allah and urged the smiling children to adopt an attitude of rational gloom.

We were to know full participation in the missionary effort once before Mr. Mather passed out of orbit. In the course of that particular spring and summer my father seemed to bring on cloud with every move he made. One of the ponies underground had swung a hoof at him when he bent down too briskly to do some bit of research into a fetlock. Normally my father in his traffic in the stables managed

to remain upright and indifferent. The swift, downward movement must have suggested to the horse that my father was after his hoof. He gave it to my father the hard way. The blow made him melancholy, first about horses, then about a widening range of things. He took to listening intently to the fiercer fundamentalists and told the boys at the Institute to temper their anarchism with a few of man's traditional cautions. They denounced him as a revisionist, passed a vote of thanks to the horse that had connected with my father's pate, and placed him bottom of the list in the election for the chairmanship of the Debating Society.

That very night my father told us that we could plug in to Mr. Mather's dynamo whenever we wished. He even asked us to sing him one of Mr. Mather's evangelical action-songs in which we had become word perfect in the hope of such a liberation. The song we sang him began "Telephone to Glory, all joy divine, I feel the current moving down the line." As we sang we went through the movements of telephoning, slapping an imaginary receiver hard to our ears and smiling broadly as we got our reply. When we finished my father looked at us for a whole minute. He was not smiling. I tried to scatter his reservations with another verse. He seemed on the point of making it up with that horse and

the thinkers at the Institute. "I get it," he said. "You were trying to get in direct touch with the numen. If you didn't, it's in hiding."

He was with us on the evening that Mr. Mather arrived in Meadow Prospect. There was a fair crowd on the square in front of the railway station to make him welcome. The Meadow Prospect Silver Band was there, at least a contingent of it. My father had once been a member, hitting at some kind of hanging ball. Only drummers, flutes and fifes seemed to be present. Performers on the heavier instruments were gloomy unbelievers to a man, sided with the diehard infidels in the Institute. They even played "In A Monastery Garden" with disruptive pauses and hints of ironical braying. When Mr. Mather came through the doors there was a gasp. His physical glory had shrunk in the course of a single winter. His long hair had become grey. There had been rumours that he had kept his hair raven and gleaming with chemicals. If so he had clearly poured his last bottle of dye into the waters of the Cothi, and, by the look of him, he would not have cared if he had gone with it. His great head leaned heavily forward as if some psychic prop had been kicked away. When he spoke, his voice, which evangelically had been the greatest bugle since Spurgeon, was jaded and recessive and we were nearly flung through the station's booking-hall by the forward movement of the people who wanted to hear what he said. The man's whole self was a dusty corner. He wanted silence but he was in trouble with his own echoes. Through the gaps of his straining smile came glints of a painful malevolence.

Mr. Mather waved us back. Out from the booking-hall came the station-master and an assistant. They were carrying, tightly unfurled, a magnificent banner in purple velvet with golden lettering. The message gave the name and date of Mr. Mather's current mission and the phrase "From darkness to light." There were yellow tassels dangling from every corner. The banner poles were thick, of mahogany, and ornately knobbed. My father felt the wood and the fabric, studied the message and said that in a life-time of slogan-fancying and banner-toting, he had seen nothing like it. He gave us a

signal and we started to sing one of Mr. Mather's favourites, "Oh, I'm H-A-P-P-Y." He told us to step up the volume and he moved us nearer to Mr. Mather. Mr. Mather was pleased, as if reassured that at least one pill-box on the vocal front was firing at full power.

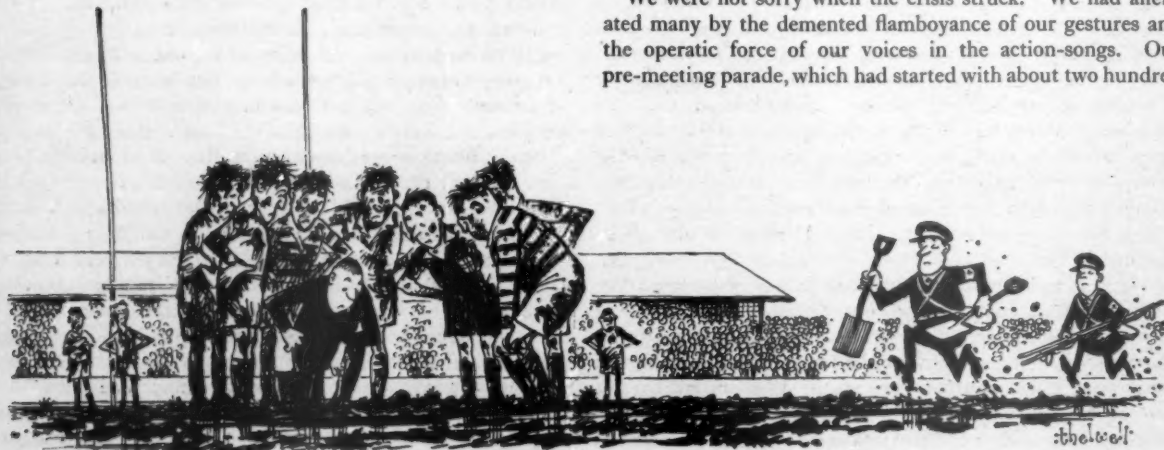
"I would die a happy man," said my father, "if my two sons could be nominated to carry that splendid banner."

Mr. Mather gave us the job on the spot and we led our first parade then and there through the town, followed by some of the most vindictive young converts who have ever fallen in behind a banner. A covey of Old Believers surrounded Mr. Mather warning him against my father, telling him that my father was there to pull a series of coups for the free-thinkers. They warned Mr. Mather to listen for any ticking sound when he stood in the pulpit because my father and his friends had probably wired the deacons' seat for blasting. And they were convinced that they knew the local seamstress, a Syndicalist veteran who had once belonged to the Garment Workers' Union in New York, for whom we were going to steal the banner.

We lasted four days. The mission did not run the full week. Each evening, before the parade through the town, we had tea in the vestry and there was always a big display of those jam-and-custard tarts. One of Mr. Mather's strongest supporters was the widow of a rich confectioner whose first love had been custard. After the parade we went into the chapel. We were first to stand in the front row of the gallery. Mr. Mather rarely took his eyes off us, urging us to sing louder and louder. His own delivery grew more and more feeble and instead of the long, burning sermons that had once been his chief weapon, he would now give a short burst of exhortation, look up at us and say "But what can match the loud fervour of the spotless young?" And he would launch us into a thundering canter on some such number as "We will meet a Friend when we cross the river."

For our services with the banner he gave us sixpence a night. By the end of the second day we were spending the lot on cough-drops. The banner-poles were heavy and we had made the mistake of listening to my father, who had persuaded us to hold the thing unnaturally high. Our arms were weary and hung down, when off duty, in a long nerveless dangle.

We were not sorry when the crisis struck. We had alienated many by the demented flamboyance of our gestures and the operatic force of our voices in the action-songs. Our pre-meeting parade, which had started with about two hundred





"Mr. Hawthorn! What are you doing in the Outpatients' Department?"

children, had dwindled to about twenty. The vestry tea, which we were all invited to attend, gave these smaller numbers a matchless field for gluttony, and when we marched forth our faces were blue with surfeit. On the Thursday night we were cursing the banner and singing "Telephone to Glory," down a back lane where we had been told were groups of torpid and godless pigeon-fanciers who badly needed a few flashes of piety. We were hi-jacked by a band of young louts. They beat us black and blue with our own bannerpoles and stole the banner.

My father came up where we had time to get upright. He was looking intolerably Samaritan. He tidied us and said that we would now go along to Mr. Mather and explain that we were willing to pay for the banner, and that he, personally, had returned to nibble in the dark, agnostic meadow where things on the whole seemed more settled.

We set out for the vestry. Mr. Mather was not there. He had left on the evening train with the widow of the confectioner. Remains of the tea were still on the table. We helped ourselves to a tongue sandwich apiece and made our way to the Institute, where some voter was to give some revelations about monks, whom he had observed at work and play in a small monastery in North Wales where he had done a plumbing job.

Next Week: I am Trying to Tell You

The Bag

I AM a lady in a fur hat watching a football match and trying to open a bag of sweets.

I can see the sweets lying fruitily on their sides and my throat is parched from crying out Chelsea! Chelsea! but I cannot get into the bag, I cannot get into it. For an hour now, with a terrible desperation, with my long fingers and sharp nails I probe, I tear. Though I say nothing, because the English are phlegmatic, I am angry, my rage is a throttling thing. Sometimes, sinking back exhausted, the inaccessible oasis of blackcurrants, oranges and lemons on my lap, sometimes I lift up my head and shout "Windy!" so as to show the gentleman I am with that I care. (He, too, has tried to get into the bag with his strong hands and the car key and the latch key and he has given up because he has little stamina and because he is busy crying out Chelsea! Chelsea!) So now, and we can blame science if my mother turns in her grave, we can blame progress if now I am a lady in a fur hat watching a football match and trying to open a bag of sweets with her teeth.

— VIRGINIA GRAHAM

"I want a survival shelter but Charles
is all for eat, drink and be merry."



The Affair of the Senior Lecturer

By MICHAEL LANE

THE Vice-Principal stirred the coffee in his plastic cup with a precision that spoke of long technological experience. Then he replaced the screwdriver in his pocket with the same academic care.

"You know Howard, of course," he said, introducing me to the Head of Department. The long shadows of the mellow fluorescent lights fell across the familiar plastic-topped tables of the staff canteen. Much had changed since I was here doing Monday evenings with the mech. drawing; now I was on the outside, the man down from the Institute—the I.M.C.T.C.A.E. as we called it. It was like looking through a small window into their closed, tense, withdrawn academic world.

"I really must compliment the Canteen Manageress on the coffee," said the Vice-Principal. "Most excellent, most excellent. And keeping the price at fourpence, too." He turned the cracked side of the cup away from him.

The Head of Department wrapped the folds of his lab. coat round him.

"Vice-Principal," he said, glancing round as he spoke, "I asked to see you

here in this corner of the canteen, away from the others, because of the appointment. It's nearly three months since Camshaft was—er—found—very unfortunate, his getting stuck in the vice like that over the week-end, and the caretaker not finding his body till the Tuesday." His voice showed irritation rather than grief. "You can never tell who the Governors are likely to appoint in his place."

"I know, I know," said the Vice-Principal, pushing a plate of now cold chips away. "In his way the respected Chairman of our Governors is *in touch*, one would say, more than we are—he is a very successful corporation bus inspector—while we are concerned with our own little world . . . and yet will the Board realise, Head of Department, what this will mean to our staff if they appoint an outsider?"

"This Senior Lectureship," broke in the Head of Department, "in Centreless Grinding—they must realise how much it means to old Gudgepin. He's been here nearly twenty-seven years and when he was young he showed great promise in centreless grinding—perhaps never

quite fulfilled. Just because he hasn't passed any examinations . . . they might well pass him over. You must persuade the Principal to short-list two other people who, though they have a degree or something, have *no experience* in centreless grinding."

We were stunned into silence by the incisive ruthlessness of the man's mind. The clock was silent. It was an electric clock. From outside came the subdued reassuring noise of the typewriters in the commercial class. The falling rain made delicate patterns on the sooty windows.

"Can I fetch you another coffee?" I asked.

"Yes. With, if you please."

The Head of Department leaned back in the canvas stackable chair and tapped his teeth abstractedly with a spatula. He seemed to have forgotten my presence, a silent listener to these two men, both sincere, yet aspiring to exercise power.

Then he turned to me urgently. "You'll be at the Governors' Meeting?" he asked. I nodded.

* * *

Autumn had come and gone. And

winter. And spring. The careful academic ritual of advertising, re-advertising, forms of application, testimonials and short-listing had taken their turn. Again the Governors had assembled round their heavy plastic-topped tables. The air was hot and the evocative hint of sulphureted hydrogen floated in through the window. An unseen tension, an unspoken disagreement held the two parties, staff and Governors. The sunlight streamed down on to the torn green blotting-paper.

The other two candidates had been seen and departed. Follkin, a young thin nervous man with a brilliant City and Guilds background, had not impressed the corporation representatives. Simkin, the second, was too hearty, too anxious to please, but with impressive experience in fudge-making ceramics. There was a silence. In the distance the tea-break bell sounded. The Chairman knocked out his pipe on the heel of his boot.

"Bring in Gudgepin."

I held my breath involuntarily as he was motioned to a chair. The Head of Department fussed nervously with his papers. I could see in Gudgepin's eyes the longing to be recognised, to be there, in the Prospectus, as *Senior Lecturer*, lifted out of the alphabetical list of full-time assistants. I could imagine his wife, calm, resigned to the years as a Grade B's wife, sitting in the little villa in Herne Hill.

The Principal asked him, kindly, to tell them about centreless grinding. He did; he took two hours. The Vice-Principal gazed absently at a fly crawling slowly over a crumb of sausage-roll on the tea-trolley. At last it was over. The door closed behind Gudgepin. The Chairman made a short impatient gesture with his arm. He was a man of quick decision, accustomed to power.

"No," he said, "he won't do. You must 'ave Simkin. That Gudgepin—he had brown shoes. With a blue suit."

"I don't know what they'd think in AO/FE. You'd never be upgraded to a Grade II department with *him*," added Furnivall, the heavy-lidded man from Inspectorate.

I slipped quietly out of my chair and went to drink a thoughtful bottle of Pepsi-Cola from the machine in the canteen.

Through the scented June air, past

the knots of giggling commercial girl students, I strolled slowly across the backyard of the College, towards Gudgepin's workshop. How should I break the news? I noted the overflowing dustbins, heavy with the mature accumulation of another college year. Soon they would be emptied. An era seemed to be passing. It would not be the same.

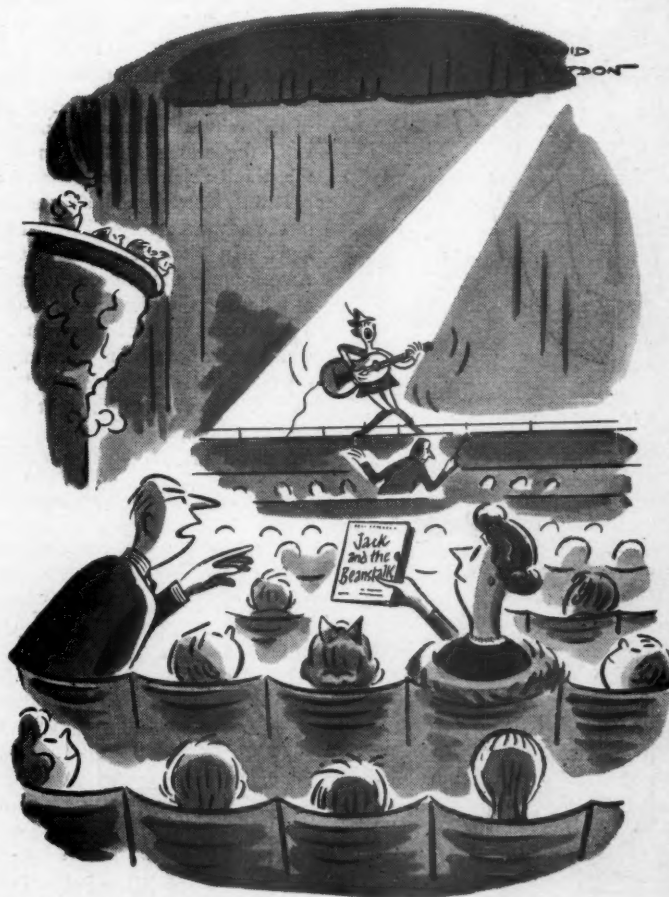
Gudgepin was busy at a lathe as I came in. When he turned to face me he seemed older.

"I thought I ought to tell you . . ." I began, groping for the words. He looked away.

"I must have everything ready for the new Senior Lecturer," he said stiffly. "Will you ask him if he will do me the honour of being my guest after evening class? See him in the Bricklayer's Arms about nine-twenty . . . I'll bring the chips myself."

BLACK MARK . . .

. . . for manufacturers of shoe polish who still pack their product in the same flat tins as when they exploited the child-labour of Dickens. These round tins of minimum thickness are designed to give maximum difficulty in opening, despite twist-buttons and coin-slots, and are guaranteed to land the urgent thumb of the opener slap in the middle of the blacking . . . And why must the polish be so composed that, when fresh, the whole cake comes out at the first dab of the brush and, when mature, it dries to ebony cake-crumbs which splatter from the bristles all over the customer's shirt? . . . Couldn't the Design Centre give us a tin that neither needs Houdini to open it nor drives him down the garden to use it?



"May I just glance at the synopsis, dear?"

I WONDER



Cold War Continued

By FRANKLYN SPENCER

THREE days after Mr. Khrushchev's speech denouncing the Western war-mongers, leaflets were dropped over Moscow by an American rocket summarising the vulnerable position the Russian people had placed themselves by following their leaders willy-nilly. The fact that the rocket had delivered the message undetected by Russian warning systems was left, shrewdly enough, unpointed.

It was on the following Thursday that the fresh-water fleas suddenly appeared gushing from the faucets all over America.

This development began quietly enough with news from the outlying districts but it soon became a nationwide scare. It wasn't until a man reported from Alabama that his fleas were of the performing type, towing little freshwater drogues printed solely with the words "Made in USSR," that the Russian leader broke silence.

It was, he explained, a demonstration of the advancement of Russian technology. In view of it, the citizens of America might at last see the unwisdom of following their leaders willy-nilly.

The point was not stressed that there could easily have been more unpleasant intruders in the coffee cups of that great nation. But Western thought tended to dwell on the sombre side and a thoughtful mood prevailed as people filtered

their drinking water through strainers made in USA.

This mood was only dissipated when President Kennedy announced that a new species of plant, something between bindweed and a fruitless blackberry, had been reported strangling thousands of acres of Ukrainian corn. American science, he said slyly, could have been but was not necessarily responsible.

This modest statement with the throw-away ending restored US morale. Spirits began to rise. The President's stock rose sharply and when Congress announced that water-fleas had high protein and mineral traces, so what the hell, strainer sales fell steeply. America, it seemed, could hit back. This was no ordinary nation smarting under the so-called superiority of Russian technology. This was America.

America, it was, too—Philadelphia Pa. to be precise—where some time later it hailed beer-drops for two hours from what had appeared a clear blue sky. Naturally enough the Russians didn't suggest that more noxious substances could have been used. Mr. Khrushchev expressed the hope that circumstances would never demand the deployment of anything but beer as a demonstration of Soviet superiority.

America was impressed. So impressed was President Kennedy that as a gesture towards peaceful co-existence

WHAT



I AM THINKING



TODAY?



AH, YES



he took steps to eradicate the troublesome weed now covering the Ukraine. He exploded in space six special type neutron bombs, thus laying two feet of harmless dust on the area, and choking the weed to death.

As he told his press conference, the dust could easily have been radioactive—but as a demonstration of American superiority in this field he felt that ordinary dust would do. He then went on to offer the entire output of American rice to make good the loss of grain the Russians had inflicted upon themselves by blindly following their leaders willy-nilly.

Mr. Khrushchev was quick to note the American offer, which he had to refuse owing to the Americans' habit of flavouring their rice with water-flea protein. He would prefer to demonstrate the superiority etc., technique etc., Russian science etc., by utilising artificial whirlwinds to suck the offending dust away.

Colour film of this being done is said to be due for release in 1963. Whether or not it will include the scenes from West Berlin where, according to one eyewitness, "Everything went apart and flew upwards" in a strip half a mile wide around the perimeter remains to be seen.

World reaction tended toward hysteria at this point. News from American and Russian outlying districts was studied hysterically. Motorists reported mysterious mass ignition cut-outs, and cooking stoves in Virginia were said to be issuing laughing gas. No one was reported laughing. Russian stories were of television pictures dying

IT'S A DISGRACE



THEN AS NOW

And they did not even have a Press Council to approve intrusions on privacy



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

MR. PUNCH'S AWFUL WARNING TO ASPIRING YOUNG NOBLEMEN.

December 31 1870.

and an intense white spot burning holes in the opposite wall.

Balm was sorely needed. U Thant padded to and fro. Nigeria promised not to take sides and Ethiopia issued a new stamp in a brave attempt to hoist the game of catastrophe back up the brink over which it had fallen.

Unfortunately none of them carried very much scientific weight. True, a Brazilian university demonstrated a magnetron capable of bending the end of a rainbow, and for a while a strong movement existed—bannered with a golden pot—to build a world children would be proud to grow up on. But it all petered out. Not until the remarkable German discovery of heavy air was relief apparent. Under its influence rockets refused to take off, remaining sluggishly on the pad until the intense heat build-up slowly sank them into the ground.

On the same day that both American and Russian Earthnauts were circling *inside* the globe reporting that everything was a sort of blackish-purple, the British, with their usual level-headedness, protested that there should be a society against heavy air; otherwise birds would have to walk.

Whatever became of . . .

. . . fashionable "silks"? At one time they had as much publicity as actor-managers. They could pack a court with their vituperative cross-examinations and melodramatic appeals to the jury. Larger than life and stronger than justice, they rushed from murder to libel, from breach-of-promise to divorce. There are still QCs with enormous practices; but somehow they rarely hit the headlines. No special correspondent follows Mr. Gerald Gardiner around. He may, for all I know, have notes in his voice as deep as a gale and as shrill as a flute and witnesses may go white as he rises to test their stories; but as far as the press is concerned he is simply a man who turns up in a lot of heavy cases and wins them. Do autograph-hunters lurk for him outside the robing-room? Does his appearance in the stalls of a theatre lead to excited craning of necks? Where are the successors to Carson and Marshall-Hall and Patrick Hastings and Norman Birkett?

— R. G. G. P.



In the City



Backing the Top Hats

THERE are few occupations more steeped in tradition and yet hemmed with speculative risks than that of the discount or bill broker. The gentlemen in and around Lombard Street who wander from bank to bank, passing the time of day and exchanging the gossip of the City with bank treasurers and almost inadvertently picking up or arranging to pay back a few million pounds sterling, have changed their methods of business less than any other class of dealers in the City.

It used to be said that the only capital needed by a bill broker was a top hat and a good pair of shoes. That was always an under-statement. To-day he needs substantial capital to provide ballast for a ship which is likely to be tossed violently on the waves of rapidly changing interest rates.

The essence of the bill broker's business is to borrow money on very short term from the banks and to invest it in the discount of bills of exchange, most of them three months' bills, and in the purchase of Government bonds having not more than five years to run.

By the very nature of their business the bill brokers and the discount houses are always at considerable risk. Theirs is one of the most highly geared businesses in the country. The bulk of their working capital is the money they borrow from the banks, money which could be called back at a moment's notice. Their total assets may be as much as thirty times their published capital and reserves.

It follows that when interest rates go up they will inevitably make considerable losses. They will overnight have to pay higher rates on the money they borrow from their banks. On the other hand they will, for a time at least, have to earn lower rates on the bills they have discounted and the bonds they have bought during the period of cheaper money.

Conversely, when interest rates are falling, the discount houses and bill brokers will almost automatically make profits. The margin between what they earn on their money and what they pay for it will widen. They will also get the reassurance of a book profit on their

holding of gilt-edged securities, since prices of these are bound to rise when interest rates are falling.

It follows that the discount market as a whole must have had a somewhat unsatisfactory year in 1961. It had to sustain the July leap in Bank rate and the effect of continuing high interest rates and of somewhat disturbed conditions in the gilt-edged market. This disappointing experience is reflected in the prices of the shares of these companies, some of which have fallen by up to 25 per cent in the past year.

If, however, we are moving in the direction of lower interest rates (and that looks at the moment to be the trend) the money lost by the discount market on the 1961 swings will, in large

part, come back on the 1962 roundabouts.

The houses in this market are few and select. There used to be a saying in the City that "a stockbroker is to a billbroker as a pawnbroker is to a stockbroker." Be that as it may, it is possible to take an investment interest in billbrokers but not as yet in Stock Exchange firms.

Among discount house investments pride of place must go to the largest of the companies, the Union Discount. At the present price of the shares they give a yield of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The company is ably managed and deserves well of the investor. Second in the ranking by size is National Discount which gives a yield of no less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on its A shares. There is a slight note of warning in the generosity of this yield. Alexander's Discount yields just over 6 per cent and so do Clive Discount, while Jessel Toynbee yield nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and King & Shaxson an intriguing 3.9 per cent. Something must be in the wind to account for the highly flattering valuation of the last named.

— LOMBARD LANE



In the Country



Return of the Rabbit

SEVEN years after Pests Officers of the Ministry of Agriculture heaved a sigh of relief at the fact that 99.9 per cent of their work of rabbit control was being done for them by myxomatosis, they are preparing for a new full-scale battle.

Rabbits, in fact, look like getting the better of myxomatosis. Some recover from the disease and become immune to further attacks.

Many are still living above ground, perhaps feeling that in their buries are still the fleas which carry the infection. So it is not as easy as putting a ferret down a hole and waiting to catch the quarry with net or gun. As part of the campaign large areas of scrub are being bulldozed.

Rabbits have their supporters. When one hotel-keeper put rabbit pie on his menu eight of his first ten customers chose it. Intensively reared animals now coming on the market may perhaps lack the same flavour.

Before myxomatosis rabbit-skins in this country brought various trades an income of about £8 million a year. Now

the hatters' furriers are anxious for more pelts. Every good hard bowler needs about $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of rabbit fur, and the price offered for the pelts has risen to two shillings each. Even at that price there are not enough.

But there may be soon. One doe, beginning to breed at six months, can have four or five litters a year, with about six young in each litter. To work out the progeny from one pair of rabbits after two or three years demands an electronic computer. At the moment there are more about than at any time since myxomatosis struck. By next summer there will probably be considerably more. You can't please everybody.

— JOHN GASELEE



You really need a teenage animal

"Animal or junior technician reqd. for interesting and varied work with pigs, rats and mice, involving help with experiments as well as care of animals.—Apply Director, Medical Research Council, RTH Unit, Hammersmith Hospital Du Cane-rd. W.12."

Harrow Observer and Gazette.

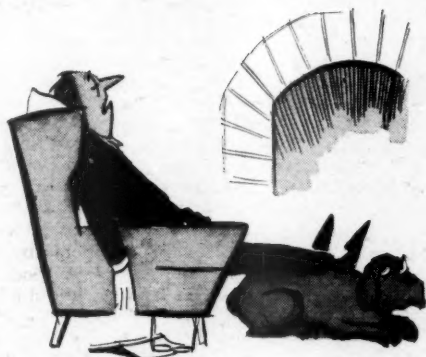


"Home!"



"He hates having his claws clipped . . ."

DOG DAYS



"Like to see him do his 'Die for your Country?'"



"Nonsense! I'm sure it wasn't him!"



"Now have we forgotten anything?"



CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

The Cherry Orchard (ALDWYCH)

THE Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych has given London the nicest kind of Christmas present in a production of *The Cherry Orchard* by Michel Saint-Denis that is splendidly acted at every point, and explains just why the Russian revolution had to be, while making us infinitely sorry for the old order—lost children who had no idea what was happening to them. Madame Ranevsky and her brother are the victims of their upbringing, irresponsible butterflies, but so delightful that we cannot be cross with them.

The key to M. Saint-Denis's production is the emphasis he puts on the prophetic visions of Trofimov, the perpetual student, who sheds a little comedy to be the sole realist of the party, the only one who understands that surgery on its decaying feudal system is the only hope for Russia. Ian

Holm plays him so well as a burning fanatic that it is easy to picture his subsequent life in Moscow, throwing bombs and conspiring recklessly. Chekhov knew very well what was going to happen.

Peggy Ashcroft floats about beautifully as Madame Ranevsky, the spoilt darling who lives on other people's nerves and borrowed money. The part suits her grace and her quick comedy, and at the end, when the old house is shut up for the last time, she wrings our hearts with her gentle sorrow. This lovely performance is matched by a masterly one from John Gielgud, as Gaev, the spoilt middle-aged boy, ineffectual and adored by his nieces, forever making theoretical moves at billiards and launching into sentimental rhetoric. This is a side of Sir John's talent that we have not often seen, and it is immensely effective.

Disguised in a black wig as a tense brunette Dorothy Tutin is a marvellous Varya, the Martha of this tottering

establishment. Miss Tutin has done nothing better than this very mature piece of acting. When Lopahin finally fails to propose and Varya is left weeping I found her more moving than ever before. Bottled emotions at last uncorked are the most terrifying.

Lopahin is only half a realist. He knows that it is only sensible to buy the estate, since someone has to do so, but having bought it he is miserable at the thought of what its loss means to the family, and his muddled decency is embarrassed. George Murcell balances the confusion of his feelings with skill and contrives to keep him a wholly sympathetic character.

These are the main spars of a remarkable production. Then we have a very good, clear Anya from Judi Dench, and a ripely bucolic Dunyasha from Patsy Byrne. Patrick Wymark, who makes his first entrance in a pair of loudly squeaking boots, goes on to be a very amusing Epihodov. Roy Dotrice plays Firs as a doddering old manservant of farce, and raises more solid laughter than anyone. Pishchik, the apoplectic landowner, is safe with Paul Hardwick, and Patience Collier gives a brilliantly vivid little sketch of the eccentric governess.

I liked the honesty of Abd'elkader Farrah's shabby sets. M. Saint-Denis's economic use of well-timed sound effects transports us completely to the vast wastes of Russia, and his production of this great and wonderful play, in which so little happens and so many torches are lit in our imagination, is something to remember gratefully.

—ERIC KEOWN



PATRICK WYMARK as Epihodov, DOROTHY TUTIN as Varya and JOHN GIELGUD as Gaev in *The Cherry Orchard*

AT THE PICTURES

The Young Ones *Way of the Wicked*

READING the synopsis of *The Young Ones* (Director: Sidney J. Furie) made me fear the worst, and so much of the picture was quite an agreeable surprise. A British musical about a lot of young people who solve their financial difficulties by putting on their own show—the vast fields of corn, cliché and factitious enthusiasm that open out at the very mention of this formula make the heart sink. And many of the clichés are there, and a certain

amount of "romantic" sub-plot trouble combined with too many wild implausibilities. Nevertheless as a whole the piece is quite enjoyable, mainly because of three qualities sadly rare in British musicals. For the most part it has speed and immense vitality, and it is for the most part designed as a real film musical, not as a straight comedy with staged, on-cue musical interruptions.

For the most part; but sometimes, to be sure, the conventions do get mixed. It begins well, with a CinemaScope, Technicolor panorama of the London skyline from the top of an enormous office-block construction job, where a young workman suddenly bursts into song about its being Friday night, and as the credits appear we see him gradually climbing down the scaffolding to street level. The vein of uninhibited fantasy, the sort of thing only the film musical can do, is held for some time: the tune sung in one scene is ingeniously developed into the music of the next, and when Cliff Richard and Carole Gray sing a song called "Nothing's Impossible," cunningly synchronised evidence in support of this proposition is included in the dance as they glide through street railings or make concrete posts disappear. But then—though touches of fantasy recur momentarily, and most of the songs and music are still better integrated than usual—the convention becomes that of straight comedy, in which there is, up to a point, a sort of verisimilitude about what happens.

Not, admittedly, very much. This is a story about a youth club's fight with a millionaire who wants to buy up their premises for demolition, and we are supposed to believe not only that the millionaire's son (Mr. Richard) happens to be a member of this very club without his father's knowledge, and spends most of his evenings there without the club's knowing who he is, but also that the junior clerk in the office of the tycoon's lawyer happens to be a member—not to mention that the youngsters just happen to find a derelict theatre (with all its lights working) and are able to renovate it themselves in time for their show, at the last moment producing an orchestra from nowhere, without explanation.

Of course all this sort of nonsense is the stuff of musicals . . . but it would be easier to accept if the vein of fantasy, involving *physical* nonsense too, had been consistently held. As it is, in spite of its hackneyed basis, the story makes a legitimate framework for the real essentials of the picture: the music, songs and, particularly, the dancing. It's natural to be pleased by the sight of tremendous vitality, and speed can cover a good many shortcomings, but some of the intricate group dancing here has very much more than vitality and speed—the extra, unique quality (notably in the early part of the film) being added by



CLIFF RICHARD as Nicky and ROBERT MORLEY as Hamilton Black in *The Young Ones*.

the rhythmic movement of the camera itself, and such devices as a change of colour or scene on a musical beat.

I don't want to imply that the picture is anything very wonderful. It has faults; I have mentioned some of them; and it is candidly aimed, of course, at young people, its basic assumption being the battle of the age-groups. For this reason it will be sometimes uncritically praised by the young, and perhaps uncritically damned by their elders. But the battle is conducted with gaiety, and finds room for some quite intelligent fun—much of it from Robert Morley, who revels in the part of the millionaire.

The original French title of *Way of the Wicked* (Director: Luis Saslavsky) is almost equally fatuous and uninformative—*Corps Tant Désiré*. In fact the film ought to have been called *Perle de Moule*, the nickname of the simple-minded young man who is really (though the publicity people would hardly be keen to admit it) the centre of its story. He is known as "Mussel-pearl" because of his obsession with the idea that he will some day find a way to produce cultured pearls from mussels. The beautiful prostitute Lina (Belinda Lee), on whom the publicity—and, to be fair, much of the film itself—sensationally concentrates, is in reality no more than the immediate cause of trouble in his life and in the life of his village. (It's very hard sometimes to avoid using that vogue-word "catalyst.")

"Perle de Moule," or Guillaume, is the son of one of the two families who

jointly own the local mussel-picking industry, and he casually brings Lina back with him after being sacked from his job in the city (he is too much of a dreamer to keep any job). She rouses the passion of Henri, the personable son of the other family, who kills a man in a fight over a jeering reference to her past, and goes to prison. Guillaume still loves her, and she marries him without love. Then Henri is released, and the ending is too ingeniously neat and sentimental. She is going off with Henri, when she hears the sound of Guillaume's home-made machines starting up again—the sign that he is seeking relief from his loneliness by working once more on his unattainable project—and returns to him after all.

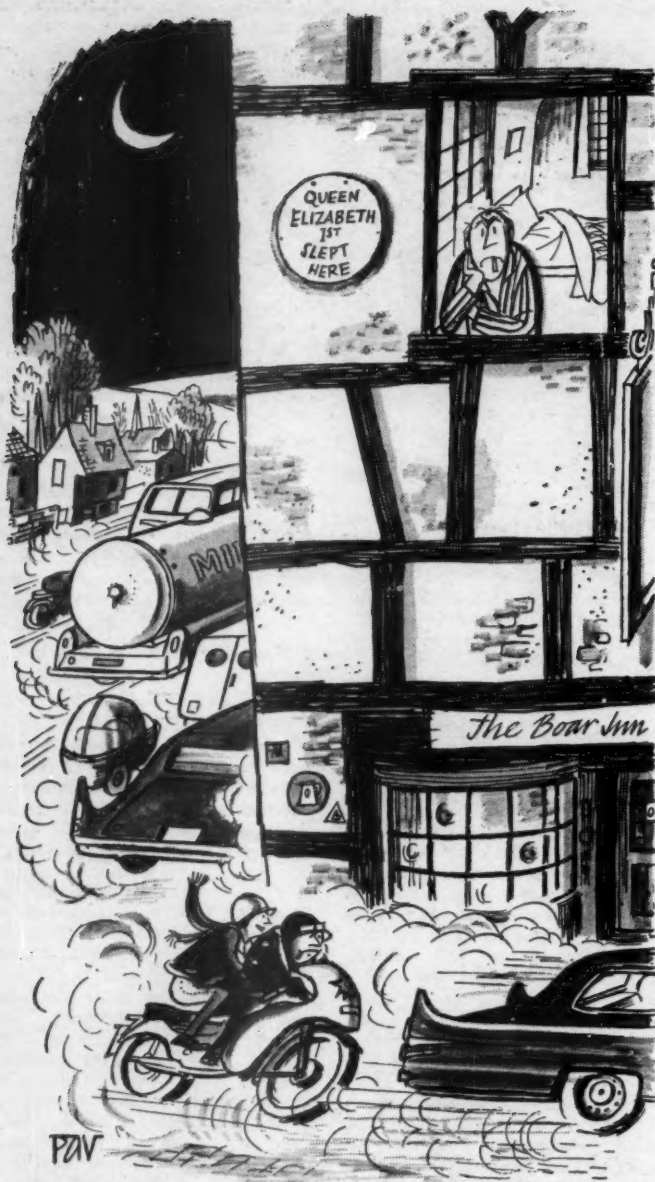
In spite of its obvious, sometimes over-emphasised sensational moments (bed scenes, fight scenes—anything that's useful in an advertisement) the picture has some very good qualities. Daniel Gélin makes Guillaume a believable, touching eccentric, Dany Carrel is charming as his lively little sister, and the typical French gift of making the most trivial details and characters interesting is much in evidence.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

"Which?" on the Air?

THE other evening, in a modest little A-R programme called *Here and Now* (introduced by Huw Thomas), I learned something much to my advantage



about meat. I am as interested as the next man in food, even to the extent of studying the works of the culinary columnists, but my interview with the butcher of ITV was a revelation. Suddenly all became clear. In a few minutes of quiet demonstration he put me wise on beef and lamb, how to recognise the best cuts, how to buy them. My next encounter with the man at the meat market will be worth the attention of *Candid Camera*.

This programme was all the more welcome because we seem to get very little useful demonstration on TV nowa-

days. There is the admirable Percy Thrower of course, and there is Barry Bucknell, and I am told that other experts are on view in the afternoon items for women, but the decline in this field of practical housewifery (or domestic husbandry) has been most marked in recent years. Ten years ago the night air rang with the charivari of "domestic economics," as the American universities call it, with Philip Harben and company coaching like mad. And remembering how valuable all this advice was, and how effectively it went out through the window box of TV (and being reminded

daily of the fare that has replaced it), I can only regret the change. The butcher was asked whether he thought the housewife of to-day knows as much about shopping as her mother. He said no, emphatically, and few would disagree with him. Everything, it seems, conspires to knock the Sam Smiles out of young homesteaders. The TV commercials deal in superlatives, and wilfully or not urge people to buy NOW, instantly, without taking thought, on the recommendation of the moment. They puff up minute, often unnecessary, selling points into deciding factors. They often appeal, as we all know, to the shabbier group among our social instincts. Meanwhile in the shops the tendency is to dish out goods pre-packed, ready-weighted and firmly priced, so that the customer gets less and less practice in comparison shopping, bargain-hunting and bargaining. Now I am well aware of the economic advantages conferred by the mass production and distribution engendered by mass advertising and pre-packaging, but I want the best of both marketing worlds. The old and the new, and I should like TV to apply correctives where they are obviously needed.

It would be too much, I suppose, to hope for BBC interludes devoted to anti-commercials, to snappy, jingly spots pointing out pitfalls in the tender trap of certain TV ads. No, that would never do. But how about a *Which?* of the air? This and other consumer advice organisations are quietly tackling the job of educating the public to spend wisely, and I have no doubt that their effectiveness would be vastly improved if their findings could be publicly demonstrated on television. The snags are obviously pretty formidable. Industry and commerce would have to sink their opposition, where it exists, to the idea of independent consumer advice, and extend its goodwill to the entire venture. But in the long run the benefit to manufacturers and traders and the national economy would be enormous. The very fact that we are on the brink of joining with the Common Market in a great competitive free-for-all ought to provide all the incentive needed. How about it, ITV? How about it, BBC?

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

★

Juvenile Delinquency, Latest

"Five motorists were each fined 30s. by Bootle magistrates to-day for parking their vehicles without lights. They were Kenneth Schofield Weaver, aged 27, of 109 Clare Road, Bootle; Dennis Anthony Tarpey, aged 7, of 53 Beatrice Street, Bootle; Peter Michael McDonnell, aged 6, of 10 Bedford Road, Bootle; Michael William Horner, aged 1, of 4 Highcroft Avenue, Bebington; and Anthony Lawrence Brady, aged 1, of 90 Liverpool Road, Formby."

— *Liverpool Echo*

Booking Office



HOW IT IS WITH THE MUSE

By PETER DICKINSON

More Poems 1961. Robert Graves. Cassell, 10/6

My Sad Captains. Thom Gunn. Faber, 12/6

Tares. R. S. Thomas. Hart-Davis, 10/6

Weep Before God. John Wain. Macmillan, 12/6

The Early Drowned. Hilary Corke. Secker and Warburg, 15/-

Audible Silence. Laurence Whistler. Hart-Davis, 12/6

Johnny Alleluia. Charles Causley. Hart-Davis, 12/6

THERE'S not much to say about Graves except how good he is again, despite his dotty pre-occupations with moons and muses. Most of this lot are limpid poems about love (not love poetry in the come-away-to-bed sense). One of the minor pleasures in Graves's style is his mastery over the stale image; in anyone else's hands a line like "Your tread like blossom drifting from a bough" would seem, at least, yesterdayish. But so certain is the reader that Graves knows exactly what he is doing that here it is simply the best way of describing the woman's tread.

The poems I enjoyed most in Thom Gunn's new book were the ones about people, pen-portraits in the tradition of Browning, almost. Macneice used to do much the same thing. Gunn's (of an aging lecher, an athlete turned fascist, a professional cynic and so on) are brisk but satisfyingly solid. This does not mean that I didn't like the others; his manner is so confident, free of absurdities, capable of hauling without fuss almost any load he puts it to, that every line he writes is a pleasure in itself. It is just that he doesn't often use it to the full. Many of the poems about things seen or sensed are really notebook poems; "Considering the Snail" is an extreme instance, as a title, though to be fair he gets a good deal more out of the snail than I would have suspected was in it.

For some time now R. S. Thomas has been raising his crop of poems

from the sour soil of the Welsh hill-folk; the harvest has been scant, but spare and beautiful. There are some very good examples in *Tares*:

*I am, as you know, Walter Llywarch,
Born in Wales of approved parents,
Well goitred, round in the bum,
Sure prey of the slow virus
Bred in quarries of grey rain.*

That's an almost standard start to a Thomas poem. It's astonishing what he gets out of it. Though they are nothing like so assured and successful, I welcome his attempts to work other, richer veins. He was getting type-cast.

John Wain is off on a different tack too; his new style is a bit less highly wrought and a good deal more swingeing. He has developed a grainy, aggressive tone of voice with which to lecture the world. (That's not as unkind as it sounds; what else should a poet be doing?) And, as a matter of fact, it is a welcome change. I don't think the completely public pieces, such as the well-known "Song about Major Eatherly," quite gets out of the class of super-journalism, but the opening poem, "Time Was," is lovely, and there's a lot of good stuff in his long "Boisterous Poem about Poetry."



Hilary Corke is an oddity. If you want to fit him into your poetic landscape you could probably just see him and John Betjeman out of the same window; perhaps he'd seem less unaccountable if more of the good Georgians had survived. He has a knack with the traditional deft image:

*Short fat willows leaning to lave their
long-leaved hair-do's and discuss*

*What garters of light came rippling up
their thighs*

and a useful fund of faint crankiness. There is more in his book than the others'.

As with Whistler's last book, many of the poems are about his wife, who died in the war, and his hope that they will be reunited in death. This is not a likely theme, these days, but he again manages to make his grief both passionate and reasonable. There is also a triptych about his elder brother, who died when the poet was too young to remember him, where his child's world and his adult's sense of not knowing what he has lost are movingly combined.

Finally, Causley. There is too much poetry published nowadays for one to waste space on anything one does not like. And I certainly enjoy Causley's technique of the enriched ballad, his bouncing rhythms and strange symbols. But the more I read this lot the more I think they are jolly nonsense. The rhythms bounce you nowhere, the symbols have nothing to symbolise, and the words! He seems to think that the present participle can make a verb mean anything.

NEW NOVELS

The Clydesiders. Hugh Munro. Macdonald, 16/-

A Passion for Life. Diana Chang. W. H. Allen, 18/-

The Wilderness-Stone. Robert Nathan. W. H. Allen, 13/6

No Mother to Guide Her. Anita Loos. Arthur Barker, 13/6

SOCIAL realism is a fashionable mania which has made the proletarian kitchen as familiar and boring a scene on the stage as ever was the Surrey drawing-room with its French windows and its butler busy with the martinis. In novels it has deluged us with every four-letter Anglo-Saxon word in a frantic effort to shock the *bourgeoisie*, and therefore one experiences an enormous relief to find a writer who can depict tenement life in Glasgow during the depression with dignity and restraint.

The Clydesiders, by Hugh Munro, is an exciting novel about real people whom Mr. Munro must have known intimately. He has no chip on his shoulder except human indignation that such things should be; he writes with

sympathy and compassion of the courage and humour of the characters he draws so well. The old rigger, father of a family, who rebels against the management on a matter of principle and is out of work for years; his self-sacrificing wife, a strong and great woman who mothers her brood fiercely; their son, the hero of the novel, who fights his way successfully through the streets of Glasgow, his two sisters and the tough girl he falls in love with, are all characters about whom Mr. Munro makes us mind very much. It is a terrible and honest picture of an appalling decade, but of one in which wonderfully the decencies of family life survived.

A Passion for Life is an interesting and clever novel about the behaviour of a devoted couple when the wife finds herself pregnant after being raped by an escaped lunatic. Diana Chang handles this unpromising subject with tact, and her observation of a hick town in America, with its bitter gossip, its rigid conventions and its deep suspicion of the arts is excellent. Miss Chang keeps her plot moving with a series of dramatic twists that force the couple to revise their desperate plans for the baby; in the background is a battle to liberalise the school at which the husband teaches. To a degree rare in women novelists Miss Chang seems to me to understand the feelings and motives of men; Bob James, the struggling artist who outrages this whale-boned community, is a very complete character. One can guess the ending because it is inevitable, but Miss

Chang's approach to it is covered by plausible red herrings.

As a very young man I wrote an ecstatic notice of Robert Nathan's *One More Spring*, and I don't regret a word of it. Since then I have felt he has conceded too much to whimsy and sentiment. You could call his latest book whimsy, but I think the strength and poetic clarity of the writing just pull it over the line. *The Wilderness-Stone* is a daring and imaginative attempt at a very difficult subject: a dead man who falls in love with a girl he has never met, to whom he appears in the flesh, and whom he finally bears off, with her small daughter. The story is told in the first person by its catalyst, an avuncular American. I cannot say whether you will find it intolerable or be carried away by Mr. Nathan's skill with words.

Many must mourn the cloud-cuckoo-land of Hollywood in the bad old, good old days, when illiterate czars ruled the studios and the peccadilloes of the stars were kept jealously from the public, Tennessee Williams not yet having arrived to make sex a marketable proposition. Who better than Anita Loos to do a racy, nostalgic satire on this absurd world that has gone? She calls it *No Mother to Guide Her*, and it is very entertaining. — ERIC KEOWN

JOURNALIST AT LARGE

Trail Sinister. Sefton Delmer. *Secker and Warburg*, 30/-

"I am always ready for an adventure with a story in it," says this famous

foreign correspondent. Here is a first volume of autobiography that is both a straightforward record of journalistic assignments and a long tale of hair-breadth escapes in all the trouble spots of Europe. With a rare capacity for making and retaining newsworthy contacts Mr. Delmer has toured Germany as one of Hitler's "circus" when Adolf went rabble-raising on his way to power and has survived the incoherent treacheries of the Spanish civil-war. He once offered the Führer ten guineas to write an article for the *Daily Express* and he was the confidant of Prince Bernhard meditating a royal engagement.

In very serious vein he gave notice of German rearmament in progress long before 1939 and of the German-Russian arms conspiracy. Quite solemnly he is here warning us once again not to allow their power-drunk illusionists to stampede a naturally kindly German people into the launching of a third catastrophe.

— C. CONWAY PLUMBE

WIFE TO THOMAS HARDY

Some Recollections of Emma Hardy. With Some Relevant Poems by Thomas Hardy. Edited by Evelyn Hardy and Robert Gittings. *Oxford University Press*, 16/-

This is a delightful literary document which will delight all Hardy-enthusiasts, and those who revel in the odd period fragment. Shortly after the death in her early thirties of Emma Lavinia, his first wife, Hardy discovered three exercise books whose contents served to deepen the grief of his loss. Shattered by some

Searle's-eye View

5—C. S. FORESTER
as the imagination sees him,
and as the camera does



of Emma's revelations concerning their marriage, Hardy destroyed two of them, and allowed only the present volume to survive. He corrected Emma's prose style with all the aplomb of a professional writer, but happily the editors have left in Emma as well.

Emma must have been entrancing to Hardy: she inspired him to write *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and was clearly his model for Sue in *Jude the Obscure*. Fourteen of Hardy's later poems are included to stress how deeply moved he was at the memory of Emma. Apart from being a fascinating view-finder to the relationship between Emma and Hardy, this volume shows how shrewd and observant an eye Emma had for background and personal detail. A selection of her sketches adds an extra flavour to this wholly admirable book.

— KAY DICK

GENIUS OF THE LANGUAGE

You English Words. John Moore. Collins, 21/-

Scobberlotchers, jobbernowls, gurnets-heads, base snites, smell-feast knockers and (cool, man, cool!) rantipoling quock-erwodgers: erump. This is no book for you. Mr. Moore has broken into the treasure-house of what Logan Pearsall Smith termed the Genius of the Language not only to rummage words "strange and sweet equally" but to discover, with grunts of enjoyment, how, when and why that Genius chose them, as Edward Thomas prayed that they would choose him.

Mr. Moore has not sought the rare, the archaic, as such, but as he comes across them gives each a burnish on the sleeve of what he is pleased to call an amateur etymologist's fastidiousness. His plunder he scatters through his pages like a pursuivant throwing largesse not his own and so broadcast with the more liberal a hand. Like such a pursuivant also, he praises the great lords of whom he has received the bounty he distributes. Poor indeed must be that man who picking up this sort of treasure failed to recognise it for what it is: his birthright enlarged. — R. C. SCRIVEN

SEX CAN BE FUN

Husbands and Wives. Barbara Cartland. Arthur Barker, 15/-

Miss Cartland's book is dedicated to the belief that sex, even the marital kind, is pretty good fun, a premise with which I am not disposed to quarrel. Just in case, however, I or any other reader felt like embarking on an argument for celibacy, she has martialled some formidable opponents to do us down; the book is larded with phrases like "As far back as 1550 the French philosopher Montaigne was writing . . ." and "As Antoine de Saint-Exupéry said so truly . . ." and "As Honoré de Balzac (sic) wrote . . ." and "As Norman Douglas . . ." (but what is he doing in this galley?).

As a friend of mine remarked as long ago as 1959, Miss Cartland has a neater

way with platitudes than anyone else, but she writes with such cheerfulness and goodwill that it is difficult to be seriously irritated. She is full of wise saws about impotence, frigidity, homosexuality, and similar popular hazards of the marital state and in the course of advice on love-play offers one tip so complicated that no one except a contortionist could carry it out. But as Honoré de Balzac may, or may not, have said so truly "Love will find out a way."

— MONICA FURLONG

DAUGHTER OF ROMANCE

Morning Glory. Mary Motley. Longmans, 25/-

This is, in essence, a book by a classically-minded daughter about a romantically-minded mother. The mother is Clare Sheridan, a redoubtable and picturesque warhorse who stormed and sculpted and scribbled her way across the world of the Nineteen-Twenties, making friends and being influenced by people. The daughter, Mary Motley, was either dragged along too or left behind with relations, or in unsuitable schools, or with her mother's admirers. Emerging from all this with open eyes and a fine detachment of mind, she here recalls it with an astringent, dead-pan wit which is highly diverting. In the end she fell in love with the Sahara, a passing fancy of her mother's, and the latter part of the book describes her desert travels. Incidentally, it is odd to find Clare Sheridan writing in her wartime diary: "The news is good . . . One is apt to hope that it is the beginning of the end, though Winston in his speech says it is only the end of the beginning." The date: September 1914.

— KINROSS

ALL THE WINNERS

The Concise Dictionary of National Biography, Part II. 1901-1950. Oxford University Press, 42/-

An epitome of the five full-scale DNBs published since the last *Concise DNB*. Crammed with invaluable facts and curiosities, especially as the need for compression makes for an almost Tacitean concision of judgment. D. H. Lawrence's aesthetic views are summed up in the words "passionately sensitive to nature"; J. D. Bourchier "held unique position in Balkans"; Sir Henry Wilson's entry ends "a politically minded soldier." It is a pity that the collection is epitomised from volumes published so close after the death of those concerned that the official view remains unmodified by time. Rupert Brooke, for instance, is in but not Wilfred Owen. Frederick Rolfe, on perhaps different grounds, is excluded and so is Ronald Firbank. These are all people one is more likely to want to look up than, say, James Dredge, joint-editor of *Engineering* from 1879 to 1906. There is a fascinating subject index.

— P. D.



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FOR MARXISTS

Harpo Speaks! Harpo Marx. Gollancz, 25/-

Harpo has done a lot in life besides playing on the harp and chasing blondes with insatiable gusto. He has sat on the floor with "a plain-looking, skinny dame in blue jeans," and failed to recognise her as Greta Garbo; he has told Bernard Shaw it was time he wrote a play ("any ideas?" asked Shaw); he has "horsed around" with King Edward VIII (who gave him a velvet-lined hamper containing a flask, a flag, a fish, a flush, a flute and a flashlight). He has played ping-pong with George Gershwin, and basked with Somerset Maugham on the Riviera. He has been turned down by the American armed forces, because "the only weapons I could be trusted with were a rubber-bulb horn, a harp, a clarinet, and two sleeves' worth of knives." Here, for the first time since 1920, Harpo actually speaks; and his autobiography, vital, frank and gay, should be prescribed reading for any Marxist.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

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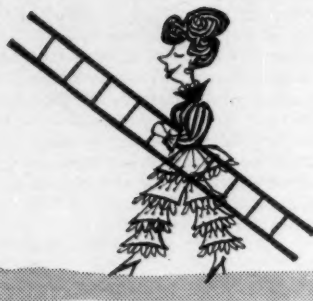
A Drama of Political Man. Margery M. Morgan. Sidgwick and Jackson, 30/-

An intelligent full-dress study of Harley Granville Barker as a dramatist. Takes his punning symbolism too seriously, but is very perceptive about his extension of the naturalistic convention.

Godliness and Good Learning. David Newsome. Murray, 28/-

Learned and lively studies in Victorian educational ideals based on Benson papers and lives of Prince Lee and Martin Benson. Why did the early-Victorian emphasis on *mens sana* turn to the mid-Victorian emphasis on *corpore sano*? How did the Church of Keble become the Church of Kingsley? A good book of wider interest than it may sound.

FOR WOMEN



The Two Faces of Adam

BY the time I was seventeen I realised that there are only two kinds of men: Angels and Heels. I tried to kid myself that there are fifty-seven different shades of grey between black and white—but at last I faced the fact and, feeling rather perceptive and triumphant, plunged into the fray thinking how well equipped I was. For a whole year I trained myself to fall for Angels, as the easiest way out, both parent-wise and heartbreak-wise; but learnt through bitter experience that I will never palpitate over anything but the most down-at-heel Heels in circulation.

At nineteen, I reached the evangelistic stage. I saw myself as a bright, modern little housewife, sitting beside a spinster friend on a Vi-Sprung HP Lounge Suite Settee, telling her "Mark my words, Bruce was a real wild one until he met me. Out on the tiles till all hours every night, changed his girlfriends weekly, and never said no to a drink with the boys of an evening [coy smile]. But then he met me and . . . ssssh! here he comes!" Enter an Angel.

My twentieth birthday loomed. Every greeting seemed to have "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" written between the lines, because by now I'd discovered that Heels are unconvertible. So I resigned myself to a grim life punctuated by weeks of wild elation as I flogged the record-player to lend the current Heel money; brewed a hundred pots of coffee nightly to sober him up, and was crucified daily by the stony gazes of the family whenever the phone rang.

At the time this is fun, this is Life,

this is Enduring All for The Man I Love. Until, after roughly ten days, the phone stops ringing, my cheques begin to bounce, the coffee goes stale in the pot, the family smiles once more, and I have hysterics in my room every night.

The galling thing about a Heel is that I can never quite forget him. He is in the Sunday papers for eloping with an heiress; his name screams from a theatre programme under the heading "Crowd-citizens of Rome"; a certain kind of suede chukka boot glares from a shoe-shop window; a Kensington phone number is scratched on my desk at work—and these foolish things remind me of him for years and years, however resolutely I may don a sickly mask of mirth and declare "*Him?* Oh, my dear, that affair's as dead as mutton."

I am fortunate in having a redeeming

factor in the shape of a girl friend who's afflicted with a similar penchant. This means we can while away the hours between joy-rides, weeping in unison and making pacts to enter a convent together if things haven't improved by forty. Recently, supported by this friend, I decided that the whole thing just wasn't worth it. Better a loveless marriage, I thought, and the risk of stagnation than these continual world-shaking upheavals. A glance in the mirror at the spectral remains of my former self settled it. I made a half-hearted set at the first Angel who happened along, and everything progressed à la *Woman's Own* for a few months.

Blood, however, will out. The Angel took me to a New Year's party, at which the other guests appeared to be equally upstanding specimens of healthy British manhood. My escort held me very close, my cheek rested upon his tweedy shoulder, the music lulled me into lethargy. Then suddenly, with the old familiar high-voltage shock, I caught the half-closed eye of a man who was propping up the door post. Sunken cheeks bearing the remains of a Riviera tan, longish hair, droopy shoulders, smooth suit, shantung tie, artistic hands, cigarette holder . . . an inner voice murmured "Heel," and was ignored.

The gorgeous creature by the door winked, jerked his head significantly towards the bar, and slunk out of the room. "I'll have to leave you for a minute," I said to my Angel, heading bar-wards, "I'm feeling rather faint."

— ELIZABETH CREGAN

Sailors on Horseback

THAT the horse is the friend of man I know, but not until now did I ever connect the sailor with the horse. Sailors sing shanties, walk with a roll, dance hornpipes, splice braces, and—oh excellent men—darn socks. But they do not, by tradition, thunder about on horses.

Here they do. With their bell-bottoms tucked into fringed cowboy boots and their white cap-tops bobbing through the evening gloom, they gallop furiously past our garden, swinging

imaginary lariats and hallooing. I have never seen so many sailors riding so many horses. Perhaps they are practising to be admirals.

The horses are not pure Arab steeds. They are all sizes and colours, living out a good old age after a youth well spent in drawing milk or other carts. Sometimes they stand and look noble; sometimes they bite one another. Often they lean over the fence to admire my roses or eat the brussels sprouts. Every now and then they get out, and

make for the lush green grass which grows meadow deep on our front lawns.

As the other day when I opened the front door and found Bob, the big cart horse, looking at me. He seemed keen to come in, so I shut the door quickly and rang up the duty officer.

"There is a horse on my doorstep," I said.

He said he would see to it and would I please keep the horse where it was.

I looked through the letter-box and made sure that Bob was still there. He was mooning about, absent-mindedly churning up mud and grass as he paced backwards and forwards across the lawn, breaking occasionally into a short gallop. I have never been what is known as good with horses, so I waited.

Soon five sailors came down the cinder path from the barracks. Two carried fire buckets (water or oats?), one twirled a short length of rope (halter or lasso?) and the other two snatched at tufts of grass as they came. They were not marching in step, I noticed, but they halted as one squad when the horse turned his head and they saw it was Bob. He has a distinguished white streak down his nose and is known to bite, also kick. He is not the friend of sailors.

The fire party advanced, holding out their red buckets in a semi-protective, semi-propitiatory gesture. One made clucking noises. As they moved forward, so did Bob, ambling gently, keeping always a few yards ahead. He led them down the road, round the pig bins and back to the lawn where he stopped. This was home.

What made him decide to play statues just then I don't know. It might have been some deep-rooted instinct to freeze coming to the surface, or a memory from his coal-heaving days when he would stand rocklike, oblivious, while the sacks dribbled noisily into gaping coal holes. Perhaps he was tired of going round in circles.

The sailors crept closer, like slip fiddlers crouching for a catch. "Come on," I shouted, from a bedroom window. "He's as gentle as a lamb." I had no foundation whatever for this statement, but I thought with luck they might all leap on his back and row off; something rather like this had happened at the last ship's pantomime.

Wildly daring, the sailor with the rope struck Bob's hindquarters with it, shouting *Hirrup* as he did so. The horse dug in its hooves, spreading them squarely, so that he looked more and more like the kind of horse you

jump over in a gym with every whack. After a bit all five were leaning up against Bob's side, shoving with their shoulders; there was a slight, a very slight list to starboard, but the horse didn't budge.

I dived into my subconscious and came up with something you are recommended to do by a very old Girl Guide handbook should you ever meet with a bolting horse. Not that Bob could be said to be bolting, but you never knew. I went down to the hall and found an umbrella. Then I rushed out and rapidly opened and shut it before the horse's astonished eyes.

A moment later I rang the duty officer again.

"The horse is still on my doorstep," I explained, "and five of your sailors are on the roof."

— DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

☆

"Poised with one boot turned inwards and resting with careless ease on the other, she ate the paper zestfully with her eyes, line by line; then mouthing the words to herself, she raised both hands in front of forty children, tucked them comfortably under her arms and stood absorbed, awkward and vibrant."

Sunday Times

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Near by his elder sister sucks her hair

And reads. This golden one whose nod or frown

Sways Tin Pan Alley fortunes, does she care?

Queenlike she glances over. "Turn it down."

Their mother, at the jigsaw puzzle, knows

Once more that curious exaltation which

Assails the heart when on the pop-tide flows

Life sweet and silly, mad and sad and rich—

And there's poor father, driven by the rain

Indoors, to hear the beastly thing again.

— ANGELA MILNE



"Honestly, you men."

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— M. BURLCE

DAUGHTERS

THE time has gone by and thank goodness for that
When they borrowed my nylons, my dress and my hat,
When they purloined my powder, my perfume and pearls,
Such darling, delectable teenage girls!

The time has now come and thank goodness for this
They're none of them misses, each one is missis.
On snowy Swiss slopes in their ski pants I fly,
While they're pushing prams along Kensington High.

— R. I. LEY



TINKERS' WEDDING

"MIGHT I see his Reverence?" asked the bearded tinker at the door of our country manse. He shuffled into my study.

"I want to get married."

Inwardly astounded, I asked about residential qualifications. He had camped on the hill for three weeks.

I explained the procedure. He went off, paid the proclamation fee of 2/6—in pennies—then took his fiancée to the Registrar.

In forty years no tinker had approached the Registrar. Suspicious, he was loth to further the course of true love by issuing a marriage certificate. Besides—they were both McPhees! Within the forbidden decrees, perhaps! He inquired; they gazed dully, uncomprehending. Then light dawned. The tinker spat forcefully—

"No! We're no sib! No sib!"

He couldn't afford a wedding-ring till later, he said. But in 1928 there were sixpenny rings; I bought one.

The wedding day came; the McPhees arrived. So did the Registrar—uninvited, still ill-at-ease. Two villagers were witnesses.

"Marriage is a divine ordinance—" I began.

"YESSIR!" roared McPhee.

"Instituted for the glory of God—"

"YESSIR!"

"And the welfare of man—"

"YESSIR!"

I asked the woman, "Do you take this man—?"

Silence. McPhee dug her violently in the ribs with his elbow.

"SAY YESSIR!"

She did, more timidly.

By now the Registrar's doubts were swept away in a gale of inward laughter which he somehow controlled.

Then crosses were made and witnessed; neither could read nor write...

It had been an unforgettable wedding.

— W. J. JENKINS

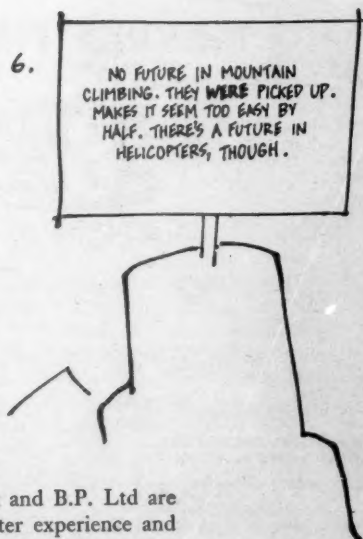
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P.31



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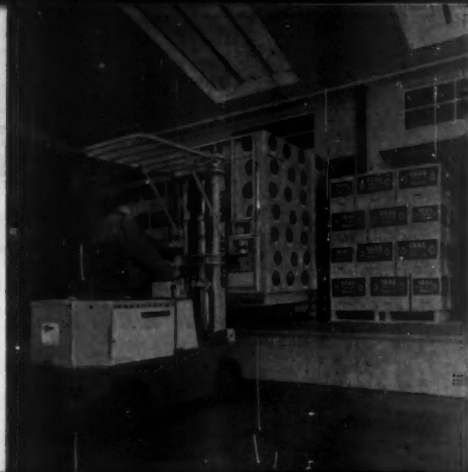
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